

## MR. KNOX'S MANCHURIAN SCHEME.


By Dr. E. J. Dillon.

3434



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FROM BEGINNING  
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## CONTENTS

|                 |  |                                  |
|-----------------|--|----------------------------------|
| I.              | Mr. Knox's Manchurian Scheme. <i>By Dr. E. J. Dillon</i>                                   |                                  |
|                 | CONTEMPORARY REVIEW  | 250                              |
| II.             | Strauss's "Elektra" and the Future of Music-Drama. <i>By E. A. Baughan</i>                 | ENGLISH REVIEW 265               |
| III.            | The Story of Hauksgarth Farm. Chapters III and IV. <i>By Emma Brooke</i> (To be continued) | 270                              |
| IV.             | The Home Workers of London. <i>By Sydney K. Phelps</i>                                     | NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER 279 |
| V.              | The Bronte Family at Manchester. <i>By Bishop Welldon</i>                                  | CORNHILL MAGAZINE 287            |
| VI.             | Our Crescent. <i>By Richard Whiteing</i>   | THRUSH 293                       |
| VII.            | Political Poetry.  | TIMES 298                        |
| VIII.           | As in the Beginning.   | PUNCH 302                        |
| IX.             | The Confusion of American Politics.  | NATION 303                       |
| X.              | The New "History."   | OUTLOOK 305                      |
| XI.             | The Wisdom of Nonsense.  | SPECTATOR 307                    |
| XII.            | In An Auction-Room.  | SATURDAY REVIEW 310              |
| XIII.           | Alexander Agassiz. <i>By John W. Judd</i>  | NATURE 312                       |
| XIV.            | Christ's Words Concerning Himself.   | SPECTATOR 314                    |
| A PAGE OF VERSE |  |                                  |
| XV.             | The Legend of the Goldfinch. <i>By Pamela Tennant</i>                                      | SPECTATOR 258                    |
| XVI.            | To My Baby Girl. <i>By Will H. Ogilvie</i>   | 258                              |
|                 | BOOKS AND AUTHORS  | 316                              |



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THE LEGEND OF THE GOLD-  
FINCH.

I wandered, listening, in a wind-blown  
wood,  
While all around me, in harmonious  
flood,  
Rose the clear singing of the broth-  
erhood  
Of wing and feather.  
Shyly the linnets hid, and twittered  
there,  
Larks circled upward in the outer air,  
Whitethroat, and willow-wren, and  
whistling stare  
Singing together.

One beyond others in the joyful throng,  
Sang in the orchard close, the whole  
day long,  
A crystal cadence of sweet-throated  
song,  
Divinely fluted.  
Lightly the Goldfinch, e'er he lit to  
sing,  
Spread the pale yellow of his painted  
wing,  
He, that bears record of his ministering  
In hues transmuted.

His be the praise of the first Lenten-  
tide!  
Seeing the wooden Cross where Jesus  
died,  
This bird the nail within His hand es-  
pied,  
And tried to ease it.  
Vainly he fluttered on a tender wing,  
Held in his slender beak the cruel  
thing,  
Still, with his gentle might endeavor-  
ing  
But to release it.

Then, as he strove, spake One—a dy-  
ing space—  
"Take, for thy pity, as a sign of grace,  
Semblance of this, My blood, upon thy  
face,  
A living glory;  
That while the generations come and  
go,  
While the earth blossoms, and the wa-  
ters flow,  
Children may honor thee, and mankind  
know  
Thy loving story."

Lord of dominion over man and beast,  
That out of nothing madest great and  
least,  
Thine everlasting praise hath never  
ceased  
From heavenly choir.  
And from the earth, in these awaken-  
ing days,  
I hear from meadowland and orchard  
ways  
Anthem and madrigal and roundelays  
That never tire.

Grant Thou, to us of the untoward  
will,  
Tardy of utterance, in praise too still,  
Some of this happiness our hearts to  
fill,  
And our mute voices;  
That, like the birds, our song may rise  
on wings,  
Seeking the rapture of celestial things.  
Lord! let us serve Thee with the mind  
that brings  
Life that rejoices.

*Pamela Tennant.*

*The Spectator.*

## TO MY BABY GIRL.

O little hand,  
That lies so trustingly in mine;  
I pray for you  
That every hand be true  
Which through the years with you  
shall twine;  
That none betray,  
None falsely woo;  
This only, little hand, I pray,  
I pray, for you!

O little heart,  
That beats so close to mine;  
I pray for you  
That every heart be true  
Which through the years will worship  
at your shrine;  
May none betray,  
None kneeling with his roses give  
you rue;  
This only, little heart, I pray,  
I pray, for you!

*Will H. Ogilvie.*

**MR. KNOX'S MANCHURIAN SCHEME.**

A new era in Far Eastern history was inaugurated on the day on which Secretary Knox, on the part of the United States Government, put forward his grandiose plan for the neutralization of Manchuria. For whatever motives may have actuated this move—and the most selfish national aims have been freely assigned to the mover—it cuts much deeper than is yet generally realized into the political destinies of Russia, Japan, the United States, and China. It is possible to regard it as good seed from which permanent peace may yet spring, or else as dragon's teeth like those sowed of yore by Cadmus, from which arose armed men who slew each other. But in either case it is a fateful proposal, which creates a new watershed that might aptly be called the Racial Divide, because it seems destined to part the yellow races from the white men. The historic significance of the American proposal lies not merely in the material advantages which it purports to secure for all the nations concerned, nor in the economic and strategic damage which Russia and Japan apprehend from its realization and working, but in the vast unmentioned but far-ranging changes which, to the thinking of clear-headed statesmen, it necessarily involves. Implicitly it is a plan for the practical settlement of the racial antagonism between the white races and the yellow, and a settlement in a sense acceptable to the American population of the Pacific Slopes. I would set narrow and permanent bounds to the expansion of Japan, and would employ for this purpose the aid of the most numerous nation of the Mongol race, China, much as the woodman who cut down the forest used the wood of that forest as a handle for his hatchet.

As was to be expected, Japan de-

clined to entertain the proposal. And nobody can blame her. Whether her statesmen discerned those of its remote consequences which to their people would undoubtedly spell irreparable disaster, is immaterial. The immediate effects of the scheme must have appeared to them sufficiently deterrent. Japan's one fixed idea had for long generations been to win a place for her rapidly increasing population on the mainland. Territory on the continent of Asia was to her the fulcrum without which, like Archimedes, she could but formulate a grandiose plan for moving the world, not execute it. Her war with China in 1894 was a means to that end. Russia frustrated it. Her campaign against Russia in 1904 was a practical application of the maxim "Try, try, try again." That attempt was successful. She wrested Port Arthur, Southern Manchuria, and part of a most lucrative railway from Russia, and now she needs time and peace for commercial and industrial development, so that she may gather strength for the next move. And that is Japan's policy of the moment—industrial and commercial competition with Russia and the United States under the present conditions, which enable her to vie with those countries advantageously. Given sufficient time, the Japs, who without doubt are endowed with the greatest vitality and adaptability of any people on the planet, will turn Southern Manchuria, and possibly a still greater stretch of that province, into a Japanese colony. Now the immediate effect which Mr. Knox's scheme would have on international competition in Manchuria would be to change the conditions that obtain there to-day, and to change them wholly to the detriment of Japan, and partially to that of Russia, each of

whom purchased such advantages as they now enjoy there at an appalling cost of blood and money. The Manchurian railways, too, which are at present divided between Russia and Japan, whose particular interests it is their first care to serve, would then be run on lines profitable to the syndicate, which would be blind to the strategic, commercial and economic needs of the two Eastern empires. Russia's great trunk railway would suffer considerably.

Secretary Knox's scheme would do for the United States in a jiffy and by a stroke of the pen what Japan and Russia accomplished for themselves in the course of a century and at the point of the sword; it would bestow on English-speaking peoples, and in especial on Americans, a firm hold on Manchuria, endowing them with vested interests there of such moment as to warrant their keeping watch and ward upon that province for all time. And as China would be resuscitated in the rights of formal ownership, the great railway syndicate, or say rather the United States Government, as its spokesman, would be justified in taking all requisite steps to remove hindrances to the successful exploitation of their concession. And among those hindrances might well be included unsatisfactory political or economic conditions in China proper. In short, give the Yankees the Archimedean fulcrum, and they will lift the unsunned wealth of the Chinese Empire out of its present hiding-place and transport it to the other side of the Pacific Ocean. America, compared with Russia, might then be likened to the fox who invited the stork to dinner and set before him soup on a shallow plate.

Another aspect of the question is the importance of Manchuria as a colonizing ground. The province is still inhabited very sparsely, and the further one moves northwards the less dense is

the population. A few years ago land in Manchuria could be purchased for a mere song. Even to-day the prices are very low. Japan, who has very little room for her surplus population in Corea and the Liaotung peninsula, would possess a vast field in Manchuria, which can absorb enormous numbers of immigrants. If those immigrants were members of the Japanese race, the latter would soon find itself in possession of a powerful political lever, which, if dexterously pressed, and if circumstance favored, might help it to the overlordship of the Asiatic shores of the Pacific. The neutralization project would avert this danger, if it be a danger, by delivering up that lever to the white man's syndicate. In this way the proposal, which at first seems to pursue primarily commercial, and indirectly humanitarian, ends, really aims at, or at any rate will secure, vast political power, and solve a troublesome racial problem. No wonder, then, that the Japanese returned a decidedly negative answer to Mr. Knox's question: Will you agree to neutralization?

Doubtless the American Government foresaw this reception of the project. It would be an insult to their political intelligence to affect to believe that they expected Japan and Russia to close with it. Indeed, Mr. Knox was so certain of this rebuff that he provided an easy alternative in advance—the construction of a single new railway in Manchuria, also by an international syndicate—a line starting from Chinchow, on the Bay of Liaotung, and passing through Tsitsikar to Aigun, hard by the Russian town of Blagoveshtshensk. And this enterprise is also to be handled by an international syndicate, is also to be strictly neutral, and is also to effect within the area which it will serve just the same order of results as the great network of neutral lines would have achieved. Will Japan and Russia show their goodwill

by participating in that? Japan took a little time to think the matter over, and then, *mirabile dictu*, answered affirmatively. Russia's reply was briefly this: "The scheme in question would injure us immensely, thwarting our strategic plans of defence, lessening the revenue of our railway, and damaging our economic interests, especially between Tsitsikar and Aigun. The people of the United States have always been Russia's staunch friends, and they surely would not deliberately make a proposal calculated to injure us seriously. What they are aiming at in the present case is doubtless a lucrative investment for their money. It cannot be that they harbor unavowed designs of a political nature. That is inconceivable. But, as a matter of fact, their scheme is at bottom largely political, and so far as it is political it is, unwittingly no doubt, anti-Russian. We feel sure, however, that if we make this clear to them, and if at the same time we offer them another equally profitable investment for their money, they will relinquish their own scheme and take up ours. And what we propose is a Mongolo-Siberian line, to be called the Kalgan-Urga-Kiachta Railway." This is the view and the attitude taken by diplomatic Russia.

The Russian Press, and in particular the Nationalist *Novoye Vremya*, approaches the subject from a different side, and handles it without kid gloves. The United States Government, it asserts, is well aware of all the bearings, political and cultural as well as commercial, of its "sanative" plan. Indeed, the cultural and commercial aims are but sand strewn in the eyes of Russia. The main object of the Americans is to throw a golden apple of discord to China, Russia and Japan, and at China's expense, not their own. . . . "It is manifest that the objects of the Chinchow-Aigun Railway scheme are not cultural and

economic, but political."<sup>1</sup> But the Nationalist organ goes much further. It holds that the form in which the American Government couched the question was deliberately misleading. Secretary Knox virtually said to the Russian Government: "We are about to build a line from Chingow to Aigun. We have formed a syndicate for the purpose, and should be glad if you would join us on equal terms. Will you?" Whereas what he should have said is: "We should like to construct a railway through Manchuria from Chinchow in the south to Aigun in the north. You Russians, in virtue of your treaty with China, have it in your power to veto our design, but we trust you may see your way to authorize it. If you do, we should be highly gratified by your participation in the work on the same terms as ourselves."

"The point at issue," writes the *Novoye Vremya*, "is not Russia's unwillingness to participate in the enterprise of the American syndicate, but her categorical refusal to authorize the undertaking at all. The agreement of November 18th, 1899, invests us with a perfect right to take this stand, and we have not the slightest grounds for waiving it. . . . Without our assent the Chinese Government has no right to bestow a railway concession north of the Great Wall. . . . Under these circumstances, Russia possesses not only the right and the possibility, but the direct obligation to withhold her consent from the realization of the American project. The Aigun line is a contrivance of strife, not peace. It would be an irreparable blunder to allow the grafting upon China, Russia and Japan of an enterprise knowingly calculated to kindle discord and enmity among them."

Americans, of course, put their case differently. They entirely demur to the contention of the *Novoye Vremya*

<sup>1</sup> "Novoye Vremya," March, 1910.

that Russia has any more say in the matter than Germany or England. This is approximately how the American Secretary of State might have addressed the Russian Ambassador, Baron Rosen: "We Americans are in truth friends of Russia, and, being plain, straightforward people, we mean what we say, and are ready on occasion to prove it. That is how we would have you think of us. And it is exactly how we on our side look upon you. When, therefore, you said—as you have many a time said—that you were truly anxious to contribute as much as possible to the culture and material well-being of China, we knew you were speaking from your heart, and of course we took you at your word. Well, now, we are going to hold you to your word, as a friend may hold a friend to his promise. We are at present offering you a golden opportunity to do what you have said you yearned to accomplish. Here is an infallible way of saving Manchuria from war, of raising her into a higher region where the atmosphere is ever serene, of elevating the cultural standard of her population, of tapping the mineral and agricultural sources of the country, and of inaugurating a new and happy era for the Far East. Will you not accept it with gladness?" And, turning to the onlooking world, Mr. Knox might continue: "To this grandiose and humanitarian plan for the neutralization of Manchuria, which would have led to much greater and better things, Russia's consent was indispensable. To our surprise she withheld it. This was unlike the attitude of an enlightened Government ready to take an active part in a noble cultural mission, or even of a statesman endowed with insight into the circumstances of Manchuria and oversight into the remote beneficent effects which this decisive move would have had on vexed ques-

tions of politics and race. Still, we had to take things as we found them, and as Russia's consent was at once indispensable and unattainable, we withdrew the proposal and presented another. The second undertaking is much more modest. We had secured a concession from China for the Chinchow-Algun line, and had arranged to raise the capital whenever it should be needed. In other words, we organized a syndicate. Friendship for Russia moved us to offer her the option of participation in this venture, *for which we do not need her assent*. And now the Imperial Government has astounded us by putting a question to us instead of answering ours. In lieu of agreeing or declining to join our syndicate, it asks whether we would be willing to take part in building a line through Mongolia to Siberia from Kalgan to Kiachta. It might just as well have proposed a railway from Yalta in the Crimea to Kishineff in Bessarabia. The two proposals have nothing in common. The evasive reply is no answer. We needed Russia's co-operation for the neutralization scheme, but we can accomplish our own project without even saying 'By your leave.' China is under no obligation to refer the matter to Russia, who solemnly renounced all such privileges at Portsmouth. Journalistic legerdemain, eager to transmute words into things, may deny China's right to bestow a railway concession without the assent of the Tsar's Ministers, but the world-Powers proclaim her to be unfettered in matters of domestic cultural undertakings, and she calmly announces her resolve to act upon it. Who will stay her?"

As Russia refuses to sell her trunk line, the United States have resolved to favor the building of another trunk line, and to utilize that for the purpose for which they would have used the first. They will, of course, neutralize



it, and that undoubtedly connotes the ultimate neutralization of the entire province. They will mobilize the hidden riches of the country, and will create an enviable state of things which will irresistibly draw the Russian trunk line into the neutralized system and achieve the ends to which Russia has already unwisely refused to contribute. "That consummation," say Americans, "would be in Russia's best interests. Before the Russo-Japanese war" they argue, "there was a loud outcry against the Japanese peril. The danger was, of course, grossly exaggerated. But none the less there was a nucleus of, say, political truth, in this racial protest. Now if our civilizing suggestion be translated by engineers into steel rails, sleepers and rolling stock, we shall have let loose the flood-gates of trade, we shall keep China out of harm's way, hinder her from becoming a military Power, render another war in fertile Manchuria impossible, and keep the Pacific Ocean in pacific hands. We have a right to make such a suggestion, were it only because we are speaking on behalf of China, and because Russia cannot substantiate the claim made by her Press to the right of bestowing or withholding railway concessions. All those privileges died at Portsmouth in 1905, and the Press cannot galvanize them into life.

"Besides, there is the international way of looking at the matter, and that, too, is decisive. Russia and Japan are preparing for—defence, let us say. The future necessity for defending themselves is what is understood whenever they talk of their 'strategic interests.' As they refuse to neutralize the province it is evident that they would use it again as a battlefield in a Russo-Japanese war, with which neither Manchuria nor China has anything to do. And that is a contingency which cannot and will not be tolerated. The open-

door principle involves the investment of vast sums of money in the country. And those who risk that capital in industrial or commercial enterprises do not intend to expose it also to the further risks of war. That is why they now object in advance to a neutralization in words which mean no more than they meant in 1904, when the province was made the battle-ground on which the armies of Russia and Japan fought for over a year. Manchuria is still a province of China nominally. And we Americans want to see that it is also a province of China really. For then it would be immune from attack so long as China was not one of the belligerents. And we hope to keep her out permanently. At present Russia and Japan share supreme rights with China, on the ground that they could not otherwise efficiently protect and successfully exploit their respective railways. These privileges are extensive, and include consular jurisdiction, the levying of taxes, the organization of local government, etc. In other words, there is a condominium in Manchuria to which China intensely objects, and not only China.

"All those former rights and privileges, in so far as they hinder the neutralization of Manchuria, were repealed at Portsmouth. The neutralization of Manchuria is a corollary of the Treaty of Portsmouth. That is our way of putting the case. And a neutralized Manchuria would place a buffer State between Japan and Russia, enabling them both to realize their fervid desire of seeing peace permanently guaranteed. Russia would thus be delivered from all danger of a war in or for Manchuria, and from all the expenses which such a danger imposes. Her communication with Vladivostok would be insured for all time—an important advantage that would soon bring enormous traffic to her line, which even now conveys ten times more foreign-

ers than natives. There is only one hypothesis in which neutralization would not suit either Russia or Japan: if either of these States intended to launch out into a policy of territorial aggrandizement or a campaign of revenge. And we refuse to assume that either nation harbors such bloodthirsty designs, were it only because they have both emphatically repudiated them."

That is the American way of putting the case. One proviso, however, they make, which one ought not to lose sight of. They declare that they have no wish to do anything that would inflict serious injury on Russia. On the contrary, they would be much more disposed to help her out of a difficulty than to drive her into one. If, therefore, it be shown that the Chinchow-Aigun project would be gravely detrimental to Russian interests the syndicate would drop it. Whether it would also turn with favor to the Russian alternative is dubious. Meanwhile, Baron Erlanger will repair to the banks of the Neva, there to discuss the matter on behalf of the syndicate with representatives of the Russian Government.

But it is still doubtful whether the Chinchow-Aigun railway will be built as yet. At present the decision lies with Russia and the United States. The latter have received the Russian proposal for the Mongolian (Kalgan-Urga-Kiachta) railway as a substitute for Secretary Knox's Manchurian trunk line. If, as seems likely, this be declined by the syndicate, the political world will be eager to learn what course will then be struck out by the American Government. Will it construe Russia's refusal to become a member of the Chinchow-Aigun railway syndicate as tantamount to an effectual veto on the whole scheme, or will it proceed with the work heedless of Russian protests? That is the kernel of the matter. Judging by the lan-

guage employed hitherto by responsible and semi-responsible Americans, one is justified in affirming that the syndicate will make the most of its concession, irrespective of the feelings of Russian diplomacy. American enterprise is pining for a broad field. Immediately after the Russo-Japanese war grandiose schemes were drafted for connecting Europe with America by a gigantic railway and a tunnel under the Behring Straits, and for opening up vast regions of Siberia to the activity of the miner and the engineer, the architect and the farmer. But one and all they were negated by the Russian Government. At first difficult conditions were laid down by the authorities in St. Petersburg, but they were finally accepted by the spokesmen of the syndicate. Then the final answer came: "Not yet." And now enterprising America, with its proverbial insistence, having been bowed out at the door, is coming back through the window.

Whether this endeavor will be more successful than the foregoing depends largely on the view of Russia's Manchurian rights taken by the United States Government. If they recognize the claim advanced by the Press of St. Petersburg and Moscow that, in virtue of her treaties with China, Russia has it in her power to forbid any railway in Manchuria to which she takes exception, and to enforce the prohibition in international law, the Chinchow-Aigun railway project will of course be dropped, and should the syndicate then wish to apply its energies and capital to the Mongolian scheme it may do so. On the other hand, if America, joining issue with Russia, takes the opposite view of the question and goes to work to build the line, the results not only on Far Eastern affairs, but on the world's politics generally, will be literally revolutionary. In the first instance, Japan will be severely hit, and will be

obliged to re-consider not only her political plans in respect of China, but her South Manchurian schemes and her policy towards Corea, Russia and the United States. The consequences of this innovation to Russian policy will also be far-reaching; in fact, there is not one of the world-Powers that will not be seriously affected by it to an extent and a degree of intensity which probably not one politician in a thousand realizes to-day. The fate of the scheme will largely depend on the conversations which are about to take place between Baron Erlanger, the representative of the firm of Messrs. Pauling, and the Russian authorities in St. Petersburg. If Russia can make out a strong case and show that Mr. Knox's project would severely damage her vital interests, the United States Government will doubtless give way. In the first instance, however, they will probably content themselves with modifying the scheme; they will not abandon it.

Whatever fate awaits the Chinchow-Aigun railway scheme, Mr. Knox's Far Eastern policy is a new and a revolutionary departure in the politics of the world. One might characterize it summarily by saying that it is an ingenious and resolute endeavor to assimilate European to American political methods, to substitute commercial, industrial and cultural development for military equipment. The tail of every world-Power in which its sting is sit-

uate may be said to be its land and sea forces. Now the people of the United States loathe militarism, and refuse to adopt the burdensome system that flourishes in Germany, France, Japan and Russia. Their energies they reserve for trade, commerce, industry, science. But in the long run they, too, may be forced to swerve from their purpose. As the fox that lost his tail convinced his comrades that the tailless state was a higher stage of perfection, and persuaded them to imitate him, the Government of the United States is striving to extend the stretch of territory on our planet from which the rifles and heavy guns of the military Powers shall be for ever excluded. The entire continent of America, the islands of Cuba and the Philippines are already taboo. Manchuria and China are marked to follow. If that grandiose feat be achieved, the pacific Powers will acquire such marked superiority over their militant competitors in the commercial struggle that these will ultimately be driven to follow their lead and free themselves from the hampering impediments of military accoutrements. Whatever immediate objects may have been floating in the minds of Messrs. Taft and Knox when they agreed to put forward their gigantic scheme for neutralizing Manchuria, they have inaugurated a policy which seems destined to revolutionize the world.

E. J. Dillon.

## STRAUSS'S "ELEKTRA"

### AND THE FUTURE OF MUSIC-DRAMA.

Unquestionably the "boom" this year is Strauss's *Elektra*. "Have you seen *Elektra*?" has been as tiresomely reiterated as the inquiry a short while back about Maud Allan; and of course every one has gone to see *Elektra*. Not

to have seen it is the mark of mental and social dowdiness. It would be ridiculous to assume that the audiences which bought up every seat for every performance of Strauss's latest opera were mainly composed of lovers of mu-

sic, but it would be just as absurd to assign all the popularity of *Elektra* to a passing and indiscriminating fashion. I have heard the work five times, and I have met people who have worshipped even more devoutly at the new shrine, not because *Elektra* is the violent, bloodthirsty, decadent piece of musical weirdness which the busy newspaper "story" writers would have us believe, but because amidst much that is bizarre and bad as art there is more that is beautiful, touching and noble. Moreover, to the specialist in music, *Elektra* has many points of interest, not only in its workmanship, but in its musico-dramatic form. It opens up a wide field for speculation as to the future of opera.

The music itself is characteristic of Strauss and has sprung naturally from his symphonic poems. Those who know *Also Sprach Zarathustra* and *Ein Heldenleben* are not likely to hear anything unexpected in *Elektra*. For good or ill Strauss has a style of his own. It is as individual as the style of Carlyle, and has the same irritating effect on certain minds. *Elektra* is packed full of Strauss's mannerisms, but we must allow an artist to work in the style that suits him, and Strauss has certainly found that style. In *Elektra* we have the same short themes which are characteristic of his symphonic poems. Some critics have complained that the composer does not develop them, but Strauss does not invent themes that lend themselves to development. The most striking motive in the whole opera, the theme representative of the children of Agamemnon, is not really capable of much development unless recourse were had to obvious and banal sequential imitations. Towards the very end of the opera it is made very important as the subject of a climax, but it is not developed to any extent. Ingenious analysts have accounted for forty-five

themes, but all of them are short, and many are nothing more than rhythmic figures. This has been cast up against Strauss. It always has been and always will be cast up against him, although it can easily be shown that it is an integral part of his style, and is necessary for the rapidly shifting polyphony of which he is master. In Strauss's pure orchestral works this thematic scrappiness is not very successful, but it is necessary for the accomplishment of his descriptive aims. It enables him to create a very plastic medium for the expression of his ideas. Esthetically it can be shown that the symphonic poem should stand on its own feet as music, and that thematic material is the connecting thought of every musical composition, so that if the themes are short, scrappy and do not lend themselves to much development, something other than musical thought is the basis of the composition. That basis in the symphonic poem is no doubt quite clear to the composer, who wishes to express his ideas through music, but as those ideas are musically non-existent and cannot always be accurately suggested the listener is apt to feel that something is wanting. The music seems all background; very beautiful it may be in its polychromatic color, but lacking a central design, or even a clear pattern. In music-drama the same style of composing has the advantage of the action and dramatic ideas as the central design.

I think I understood Strauss for the first time in listening to *Elektra*. What had been baffling in the symphonic poems had become quite clear and obvious. Strauss has always been a dramatic composer in one sense. He has always worked to an idea, but we have not always been able to take up the clue to his meaning. There is no room for doubt in listening to the music of *Elektra* and seeing the action of

the stage. When the daughter of Agamemnon begins to dig like an animal for the axe that killed her father, we do not require any explanations as to the meaning of the music, but in a symphonic poem such a passage would puzzle the most imaginative mind. Then in the higher aspects of the drama all is clear. When the beautiful theme of the Children of Agamemnon is heard for the first time in *Elektra*'s long speech after her entrance we know what it means. The verse gives us the clue. Again, in the matter of scoring the symphonic poems often seem arbitrary. Our ears tell us something is meant by the composer; something more than a strange combination of unusual instrumental sounds; but precisely what is meant is not so clear. In *Elektra* Strauss's genius for curious descriptive touches is made manifest for the first time to those who know only the symphonic poems. Some of these instrumental devices are so inspired that they form quite a new departure in music-drama. At the same time Strauss shows in *Elektra* the curious and irrelevant suddenness of change from a subjective to an objective expression which makes his symphonic poems sound so disconnected, and many of his devices of scoring are rather childish from an artistic point of view, since the action of the stage makes them unnecessary, and they only exist in order to prove that the composer can make his orchestra do wonderful things. This kind of freakishness is characteristic of Strauss. You might as well demand of a Whistler that he should paint in the solid style of a Rubens as that Strauss should write in the broad epic manner of a Wagner. Why should we persist in asking creators of art to imitate each other? Why should we criticise them for not doing what they have never intended to do? It is very easy to fall foul of *Elektra* for what

it is not. It is simply Strauss.

Strauss is not a great genius, but he *is* a genius. He has something very definite to say, although we may not always admire it. There is something small in his musical thought, for even allowing for the necessity of short themes for Strauss's particular style of treatment, a great genius would invent more *distinguished* themes. A man who was not a genius would try to make us believe he had invented them. That is where Strauss is great. He does not pretend to speak in the grand manner, but gives us the best that is in him. He is a very human composer, and his *Elektra* is not a goddess seeking vengeance in the tragedy manner, but just a woman-Hamlet goaded to frenzy by her sense of wrong and by her love for her dead father. The fault of the music, as it is the fault of Hofmannsthal's version of *Elektra*, is that it dwells too much on the physical side of the tragedy, but, fortunately, music is an art which ennobles what it illustrates, and Strauss's score is on a far higher plane than Hofmannsthal's drama. The composer has attempted to thrill us with his realism, but all that part of *Elektra* is a sad disappointment, if the truth must be told. The Grand Guignol touches do not come off. The little guide which Otto Röse and Julius Prüwer have written speaks of the "slippery blood" motive. In depicting the slaying of Ægistheus, Strauss has tried hard to be sensational, but he has tried so hard that the effort is too obvious, and one's flesh refuses to creep. To my mind *Elektra* is disappointing in its realism. Everything is thrown at you, and the imagination is never kindled by suggestion. On the other hand, the composer has been very successful in conveying the pity and humanity of his drama. Nothing as noble as the scene between Orestes and *Elektra* has been musically conceived since Wagner. It



shows that Strauss is a musical dramatist of the highest rank.

In turning from an appreciation of this particular music-drama to a consideration of its place in the development of other art, it will be necessary to examine quite briefly the different types of modern dramatic music. Roughly, it may be said that there is no settled type of music-drama to which all must conform. Wagner had his own theories and wrote at great length upon them, but the Wagnerian music-drama remains only one of many kinds. The dramatic form does not necessarily mean dramatic music, and, conversely, a style of composition which flies in the face of all Wagnerian reforms is not necessarily undramatic. That idea of music and drama being one is mere cant, and the more modern Wagnerian will tell you that the master never intended that music should take a subordinate position. At any rate in his works it did not, and it is an old tale that the importance he gave to the musical expression of his dramas actually conditioned their construction. Of all modern composers Debussy is the only one who has seriously attempted to make the music dependent entirely on the drama. The result, in *Pelléas et Mélisande*, is of the highest interest, but the music as music suffers from this æsthetic austerity. Wagner's music-dramas are big vocal symphonic poems. The orchestra, not the drama, is the driving-force, and the orchestra is Wagner's own commentary. He does not so much paint for us what his *dramatis personæ* are feeling as what he thinks about their feelings. Wagner's *dramatis personæ* cease to interest us, for they are so much the puppets of Wagner, the wonderful composer of orchestral music. Wagnerians, mad and other, will deny this, but who can honestly say that his *dramatis personæ* do not explain the orchestral music rather than the orches-

tral music explains them? Outwardly Strauss's *Elektra* is derived from Wagner's music-drama, but in some very important points it is not. It is symphonic in the sense that *Tristan und Isolde* is symphonic. The orchestra drives the drama along, but it is not so complete in itself as Wagner's orchestra. It is more dramatic in being an illustration of the feelings of the *dramatis personæ* rather than of the composer's feelings, and consequently it does not condition the scene to the same extent. Moreover, Strauss's method of scoring and his delicate, shifting background of polyphony do not drown the voices, which stand out with wonderful sharpness. This was particularly noticeable when the composer himself conducted his work. Strauss has certainly solved the difficulty of making the voices tell in a symphonic music-drama. At the same time he has not written his vocal parts so that the human voice is given its full scope for poignant expression. In this he has fallen far below Wagner at his best, for Wagner did not understand how to write for the voice, and when his orchestra did not make the singer a nonentity he was most dramatically expressive. There is very little in *Elektra* of real understanding of the human voice. You hear the voices, because Strauss's technical style enables you to do so, but, except for the "recognition" scene, they are hardly worth hearing. Surely opera of the future will strike some kind of mean between the Wagner-Strauss orchestral music-drama and the Debussy incidental music-drama.

There should be nothing of dogmatism in dealing with this difficult opera problem. I would even go as far as to say that if drama assists a composer in writing more poignant and more varied absolute music it is justified, although the result may not be drama at all but a kind of vocal symphonic



poem. If Wagner had written symphonies or pieces of programme music akin to them, would he have composed such memorable music? If he had emulated Mozart or Gluck or had imitated Meyerbeer, would not the world have been the poorer by the loss of his orchestral and vocal symphonic-poems? Strauss's *Elektra* is just as much a symphonic-poem as anything Wagner wrote. Immediately you pit the orchestra against the singers the contrast deadens the actual drama. It is not a question of the voices being audible or inaudible—they are audible enough in *Elektra*—but of musical interest. If the orchestra is to be paramount, the voices must be more or less subordinate to it. Do not let us call this very interesting form of art a music-drama, for it is not. We may accept it as a fascinating form of music, and possibly there may be a future for this type of composition. As I have already pointed out, Strauss himself becomes clear and sane when he has the thread of drama as a connecting design, and his genius has never been more clearly articulated than in *Elektra*. At the same time it can be truthfully held that music does heighten drama; that in spite of its conventions the art does deepen the impression of a play. Maeterlinck's *Pelléas et Mélisande* is beautiful as a stage play. I have seen Sarah Bernhardt and Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the principal parts, but the impression they made was pale beside the impression created by Debussy's opera. Sardou's *Tosca* as a play was merely horrible and seemed to have no other reason for existence than that of giving Sarah Bernhardt an effective acting part. Puccini's version is infinitely more touching and more dramatic. *Cavalleria Rusticana* is more striking as an opera than as a play, even with Duse as Santuzza. Of one thing we may be sure,—In spite of

what writers on aesthetics may say, the expression of drama by singing does not seem unnatural, and in art we only have to do with "seeming" and not with facts. Charpentier's *Louise* is one of the most moving dramas I know, and yet he by no means subscribes to the cant of Wagnerian "reforms."

The men who have written the most vital music-dramas of the day have had the instinct of not abandoning the power of the human voice, nor of casting aside all musical conventions. They have not undertaken their tasks with the aims of orchestral composers, as Wagner and, to a still greater extent, Richard Strauss have. With Puccini, Debussy and Charpentier the human voice still counts as the real medium of drama, and if the more serious musician is inclined to belittle the work of these men from a musical standpoint, it is an accident rather than an essential that *Tosca*, *Pelléas et Mélisande* and *Louise* are on a lower plane of musical creativeness than *Don Giovanni*, *Die Meistersinger* or *Elektra*. There is no reason why a modern composer of the equipment of Wagner or Strauss should not write a music-drama which would contain as fine music as anything that those geniuses have done and yet conform to what is the essence of music-drama: the preponderance of the voice as the true medium of human expression. The protagonists of a drama should not be the slaves of an orchestra which whips them along as Strauss scourges his singers in *Elektra*. He makes his instruments the masters of his singers, and he himself, intoxicated with the egotism of the orchestral composer, rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm of this musical insanity. When the orchestra is too prominent we are impressed by the self-consciousness of the art. For that reason *Elektra* does not move one as it should. The whole thing sounds unconvincing and hollow, just like a

piece of "fine" writing in literature, and only when Strauss forgets himself, as in the scene between Elektra and Orestes, does he really become dramatic. There is room for this kind of orchestral dramatic art, but it will never become music-drama. The composer of the future must learn that he gains nothing by casting aside all musical conventions. After all, music is a separate human expression, with its own fundamental laws, its own logical design, and its own method of expressing emotion. When Wagner threw aside what he was pleased to think was undramatic in the musical conventions of old opera he did a thing which looks well on paper, but in practice he afterwards recanted. His theoretical dislike of concerted vocal music was not proof against his instinct as musician, and so we have the beautiful climax of the love-duet in *Tristan und Isolde* the end of the love-duet in *Siegfried* and the quintet in *Die Meister-*

*The English Review.*

*singer*, to mention only a few instances. Even Richard Strauss, after carefully abstaining from letting more than one voice sing at a time is finally compelled to amalgamate the utterances of Elektra and Chrysothemis as a climax to his music-drama. What was bad in the old operas was not the concerted singing itself but the stereotyped cadences, the unnecessary full closes, and often the absolute want of essential dramatic character in the music. A modern composer need not emulate these weaknesses, which were often musical weaknesses as well as dramatic, but he should not and must not deny himself the beauty of musical conventions from the mistaken idea that they are essentially undramatic. Strauss has done that, and his *Elektra*, except in proving that voices can be heard against the complex background of modern orchestral writing, has done little to advance the art of music-drama.

*E. A. Baughan.*

## THE STORY OF HAUKSGARTH FARM.

### CHAPTER III.

In the nature of Silver were elements unguessed by Mr. Whinnery. Farming was the employment to which the lad was chiefly inclined, but he had, as it happened, other promptings, even some initial knowledge of another calling. The sea-roving instincts of his Norse ancestry lingered beneath that attachment to the soil which was his nearer inheritance.

Silver's predilection for the shore had been taken by his adopted father as a matter of course, the Bay, with its peculiarities and opportunities, being part and parcel of the life of the neighborhood. It was even the custom of the young men of the district, the wood-cutters, the farm-laborers, the charcoal-burners and peat-gatherers, to

add some of the practices of the sea to their more regular means of earning a livelihood ashore.

But there was a sprinkling of actual fishers and boatmen. Of these a clever and enterprising family by the name of Rennie, living at Arinseat, had opened a workshop on the shore for the mending of boats, and in time had advanced to their creation. The elder Rennie possessed genuine inventive genius, and the boats shaped by his contriving found purchasers. Of these Silver, in his early teens, had been one; he bought a small rowing-boat from them and paid for it gradually by the fish—chiefly morts and dabs—he took in his leisure moments, and which he sold to his adopted mother, or carried round to the neighboring houses, where the lux-

ury of fresh fish, acquired by a few pence and no trouble, was not despised. Such good custom did he meet with from the Arnesons that in time the price of his boat was recovered.

The enterprising Rennies, successful from the first in their venture, had enlarged it. They added to the boats a small sailing-craft, a toy for pleasure, but to manage which some skill was required; and Harry Rennie, the youngest of Rennie's sons, instructed Silver in the management. The building of this yacht had been the event of the moment in the district, so that the fame of it reached the Arnesons, and brought Mr. Harold riding down to Arinseat to be present at a trial sail on the Bay.

Harold Arneson was at the time a man of twenty-five years of age, and his splendid appearance on the shore was a memorable incident in connection with the opening career of the little craft. Silver, then a lad of fifteen years, had been spared by Whinnery to take part in the sail, and his reminiscences of that inspiring day had caught up inextricably amongst them the picture of young Arneson on his horse, distinguished as much by his clothes and air of a fine gentleman amidst the rougher crowd, as by the beauty and grooming of his beast. At first the horse and rider, towards whom the boy gazed between the ropes and new white sails of the yacht, loomed large upon the shore, seeming to confer a picturesque interest on the landscape; he could hear the champing of the bit, could hear the somewhat drawing speech of the rider falling amidst the dialect of the fishers; then as the yacht receded on the waters, Harold and his horse dwindled in the distance to the size and aspect of a tin toy.

The launching of the yacht was a complete success. Harold from the shore watched its proud and lovely movements with a kindling eye; he was

one who no sooner looked upon a beautiful thing than he desired to possess it. The Rennies found in him a purchaser, and the Arneson estate was embarrassed by a new and entirely superfluous burden.

After that the memory of Silver included closer reminiscences of Harold. With the latter as "captain," Harry Rennie as mate, and himself as crew, the tiny craft began a fine career of display on the more inland part of the Bay, sailing up towards the estuaries of the Lyvennet and Kalda rivers, and south to Arinseat Point, beyond which, to the boy Silver's idea, the whole world hid and the sun went down "o' neets."

He came to have an intimate knowledge of the exterior personality of Harold Arneson. There was good-fellowship between the captain and the crew; but beyond that momentary good-fellowship neither Harry Rennie nor the boy ever got. The aspect of Harold's face at the time lingered in Silver's memory—lingered there as though cut into the walls of his mind. He saw it always looking towards him between the sails of the yacht. The countenance might claim to be handsome: it was fair in hair and coloring, and much sailing on the Bay had induced in it a ruddy tint; the cheeks were clasped by close-cut whiskers, while the jaw and lips were shaven, thus disclosing a mouth that seemed perpetually at odds with the rest of the features. It was this which lent to the general handsome appearance an aspect of something unfinished and unstable, as though the frank gray eye was no more than glass, and the good arched nose an instance of injudicious borrowing, and the brow and well-marked eyebrows an accidental attachment. This want of coherence amongst the features would strike the boy Silver and set him pondering, even in the midst of his boyish admira-

tion for the splendid gentleman full ten years his senior, who condescended to bluff good-humor as captain, and sang sea-songs on the deck in a stirring baritone.

The end of the yacht was sad with the sadness of life and the world. Mr. Harold tired of the beautiful thing: the services of Harry and the boy Silver were no longer required. To Silver the neglect of the little craft, which he had loved as though it were something living, occasioned genuine misery. But whether a thing was living or dead, Harold was one who would desire it while his fancy was freshly captured, with a shallow, uncontrolled eagerness against which no prudence could stand; then, the small capacity of his affections having been extravagantly emptied, he would cast it aside in satiety, nor find any residuum of lasting charity to spare and spend upon it. The yacht was left to perish. In the end, the shrewd Rennies repurchased it for a trifle as old wood.

The episode of the yacht had happened five years ago, about the time that Hawksgarth Farm passed to the hands of Mr. Nasshiter.

The yacht being gone, Silver's love of the sea and its business expended itself on the seasoned fishing-smacks which sailed into the Bay in the wake of the Bore—"furriners from Morecambe," they were styled. The homeward sailing of these smacks excited his imagination, and more particularly if the tide permitted their return in the sunset hour. The sight of the sails, familiar to his handling and inspection, glistening in the splendors of the horizon, endowed with the mystery of distance and vanishing beyond the point, awakened the latent poetry of Silver's nature. There came a day when the master of a smack invited the eager boy to try his hand for a night in helping to throw and gather in the nets; and from this long taste of the

sea he returned with dreams in his eyes.

His imaginative moments had their footing in the practical: that which stirred his fancy was a reflection concerning the carrying capacity of the world, the procession of boats and ships for ever urging their passage across seas from coast to coast, touching lands remote and near, and linking the nations of the world in a web of communion.

He had not the gift of expressing his ideas: his thoughts moved in dim pictures through his brain, startling him a little when they came—as the thoughts of the untutored, unlearned poets of yore must have startled them, springing, as it were, out of the darkness and with an almost palpable rustle of wings.

But every step out of the provincial to the universal, even in thought, lends a man an incomparable advantage. It is probable that Whinnery's conscious perceptions as to his work reached no farther than the markets of Kendal and of Barrow-in-Furness. When, therefore, he followed up the exposition of his plans by pressing home on Silver his helplessness, that thrust fell short of the mark. Suffer as he might and as he did, Silver knew that he had resources within himself, and even already possessed some initial knowledge of a second means of livelihood.

"I'm young, fadder," he answered; "I reckon I can skift for mysen."

"Skift for thysen! It's hard work scrattling for a bit of bread. But thou can stay and do thy duty and my will. Or thou can gang thy own gait."

"I mun gang," said Silver, with simple earnestness.

"Thou mun? Why?"

At that Silver turned his fine bronzed face from the window and fixed his eyes on Mr. Whinnery, and stated, with the openness which often sur-

prises one from a truthful yet reticent nature, the radical objection which prevented him from accepting his suggestion.

"What you've said is right enoo'," said Silver, "but I cannot stay at the Farm. I *mun* gang. I cannot marry Silence; I cannot—because it is Nanna that I love."

As he spoke the color surged into his face and the light came to his eyes.

To Whinnery, Silver's words came as a blow that shivered the work of his life: not until they were uttered had he surrendered the hope that the lad would in the end see eye to eye with himself. As soon as they were spoken, he recognized the impossibility of leaving his work and stake in the Farm to the one best fitted to carry out his aims. Worse than that, he perceived, with a shocking tremor of the heart, that it was possible he had lost his chief support and help, in the moment when age and weakness advanced upon him. With the sense of the irreparable his blood rose.

"So that's it!" cried he, in a voice through which the excess of his emotion vibrated and rumbled. "Weel, here's an end!"

With that he tore up the carefully prepared will, and tossed the pieces in the fire with a passionate gesture. Silver saw them go with hardly a pang. His heart was gripped by a realization of a nearer and more intimate sorrow. At an early stage of the talk, he had perceived how irreducible might be the difference between them: now his course had become clear. He must break with the past at once, without hesitation, must root up the affections of his adoption and begin to rebuild his life from the foundations.

Whinnery, after burning the paper, remained standing on the hearth, nervously himself for a last struggle, and Silver, half unconsciously, had risen.

The point of tragedy was the warm

LIVING AGE. VOL. XLVII. 2458

affection which lay between the two. On a sudden, out of the turmoil of his thoughts, sprang up in the elder man's brain an exasperating sense of the trumpery nature of the thing that divided them. The peach-like cheek of a girl had more power over the lad than the years of affection he had bestowed! He himself was of an age when Love the god is stripped of his wings and placed in his just position in a corner of the workshop of life. In a certain aspect his view was finally true. But to the old the dry fact, to the young the vision! Whinnery still thought to shake the attitude Silver had assumed by dry representations of "the thing as it is." In reality he was but driving the young soul out on its wild adventure.

"I've spent time, money, and care on thee," cried he, in tragic intensity, "and in the end thou leaves me with an empty pocket!"

"Not empty, fadder. There's that money o' mine. I tellt ye, I'll have none of it."

"Thou'lt pay me for love and care with gold?"

"Na, na! I cannot niver pay. But I'll give ye what I have."

"Thou cannot marry Nanna, I'd have thee to know."

"I know that. *Not yet*," responded the young man.

"Aye. But I'll not have thee lurking round the Farm after her."

"Ye shannet."

Silver's sad determination convinced the farmer as nothing else could do; his last sentences had been uttered in a raised voice; he now stood staring with maddened eyes into the face of the lad whom he loved and had trained as his son, and who in the hour of his need was prepared to desert him.

At the moment, the door opened and the three women of the household appeared, pausing on the threshold in dismay. Silver, whose back was



towards them, wheeled round, and for a few seconds the two men gazed in a strange silence at the equally mute trio.

Mrs. Whinnery stood with a pucker of disquiet on her patient brow; Silence pressed her slender figure close to her step-mother and caught her hand. Nanna, standing a little behind, showed her face of vivid beauty as a kind of exquisite and burning flower that drank up what charm might lie in the pale cameo features of Silence, as one plant may suck up the moisture and strength from another. To her, in chief, the eyes of both men were directed, and after some seconds of this weighted and tragical scrutiny, Whinnery threw up his hands with a sudden hoarse cry, and Silver fled from the kitchen to take refuge in his own chamber.

Now of this scene no explanation was ever offered to the three frightened women. But the sequel followed sharp and swift.

Next morning—Mrs. Whinnery and Silence had passed a sleepless night of anxious surmise—when the breakfast hour arrived and the family gathered round the table, Silver Whinnery was missing. No one dared point a question to the father, who sat grave and constrained in his chair at the head. He was watching Silence, who, unconscious child, was occupied in laying in Silver's vacant place with tender care the plate and knife and fork he favored most, and the cup which he loved to have reserved for his uses. Then the door opened, and Silver himself appeared. He was dressed in working clothes, but not of every day; he wore those he would select if his father sent him on a buying or selling errand over the Bay to Barrow-in-Furness, or inland to Kendal. He had with him a stick and a small bundle, which contained the barest necessities; in his pocket was, if the truth were known,

the sum of one shilling earned by the sale of dabs. His face was white with sleeplessness, his eyelids red with the passionate weeping of youth, and when he entered the room he stood as one dazed for a moment, and stared about him.

"Massy on thee, Silver!" cried the mother. "Thou'rt never going to wark without bite and sup."

Silver answered no word. He came forward and bent over her and kissed her tenderly. Then he nodded with shy friendliness to Silence, who on a sudden stopped handling the loaf from which she was about to cut him a slice, and stood still as a statue, a look of wonder and fear and of some deeper emotion in her girlish, immature countenance. Then he stepped towards Nanna, who turned her wonderful, flower-like face from the oat-bread toasting with which the kitchen was fragrant, to glance at him half-coquettishly over her shoulder. When he was close beside her he seized her hand, and Nanna dropped the toasting-fork and the oat-bread with a clatter which no one reprimanded. After that passionate pressure, which was his adieu, he passed to the threshold and over it. But before he closed the door he lingered for a moment, and in a voice broken with emotion said simply:

"Fadder, good-bye!"

Then he shut the door behind him, and in utter dumbness of amaze they saw him pass by the window and heard his steps tramping firmly away to the gate.

#### CHAPTER IV.

The departure of Silver remained for the women of the household as much a mystery as the scene upon which they had intruded on the Sunday. Mr. Whinnery, though a just man and even a man of tender affections, took the ample view of the prerogative of the head of the household which the century allowed. He never explained the



event, never alluded to it again. In his own mind he cherished the expectation that the boy, sheepish and beaten, would creep back to the Farm to make terms. Perhaps it was this hope that prevented any attempt on his part to track Silver's steps in the first days of his absence. But even had he made such an effort he would have been at fault, for no glimmer of the boy's real intention dawned on his mind.

In those days, when the circulation of news was slow, and movement from one locality to another difficult—often a trudge for miles on foot by unfrequented ways—it was easy to lose oneself voluntarily. While the folk at Hauksgarth were missing the lad hourly and moment by moment, no one else had any special memory of having met him.

"What's got Silver Whinnery?" one neighbor might ask of another. "Didn't I see him going east with a stick and bundle on his shoulder tudder morning?"

No clearer information had anyone to offer. The going of Silver became in time common knowledge, but unexplained. By and by it seized upon the heart of the adopted father like a stroke, that Silver had gone and would not return.

Of the three women of the Farm, it was Nanna who took his departure the most serenely; she who in reality was at the bottom of the trouble was the one least affected by it. And of the household, two would look her way in the half-formed thought that the secret of his whereabouts was hidden somewhere in her seductive and elusive being. Whinnery had his reasons for thinking so. But why should the girl Silence press that thorn to her deep heart?

The nature of Silence was single-eyed and pure; her thoughts were at present—perhaps would always be—singularly clear apprehensions that

were apt to fall short of right conclusions. She possessed unusual perceptive power, touched by a rare intelligence, and this enabled her to pitch almost unerringly on sound conjectures; but her inferences, conditioned by the sweet charities of her affections and by her innocence, would somewhat miss the way, so that what she came at in the end was a guess of mingled truth and falsehood.

To Silver her heart had clung in absolute and complete surrender, since the hour when he first appeared amongst them, and she, a mere baby, had cooed and laughed with delight at the sight of the curly, shining head of the six-year-old boy. To Nanna she gave the loyal adhesion of a genuine affection. All her life Silence, as the youngest of the trio, had taken the third place, following the lead of her elders with worshipful pride. But then Silver had always condescended on account of her youth, and had lifted her to a semblance of secure and equal companionship.

Only of late had she begun to feel isolated; only of late had the year or so of Nanna's seniority made a definite difference, produced a widening sense of separation. It was by painful degrees that the child found the joy of life passing her over a little, and rendering her presence in concerted work or amusement superfluous. More and more it began to appear that her note was unnecessary, or that it dragged behind, breaking the harmony and not adding to it. "Two is company, and three is none." The brutal truth enfolds a drama of suffering for the redundant third. And this drama had been played now, moment by moment, with ever-increasing force, for two years. Silence had taken her part of supernumerary uncomplainingly: no one had learned of it from her lips—not even Nanna herself, whose growing beauty was as some opening bloom of

secret joy; no one guessed it. Even her father, whose apprehension had carried him far enough to precipitate him into error, did not dream of the pain the little creature hid in her breast.

Pain lent her penetration. She perceived that Nanna was not suffering from Silver's withdrawal as did the rest of the household. But how could that be?—unless, indeed, Nanna knew of his fate, had been prepared for his going. Her gentle thoughts took comfort from this idea. It was consolation to infer that someone at least knew he was safe. But she asked no questions. A growing mystery seemed, for some reason, to be enveloping Nanna; it was as though she hid herself voluntarily in an obscure atmosphere: natural intercourse between them was over, by the one it was subtly evaded, to the other it was impossible. At times when the dawn, or the sorrow of her heart, awakened Silence, she would sit up in bed to gaze at the flushed and lovely face slumbering on the pillow beside her. Unless Silver was safe, Nanna could not sleep so peacefully, she thought. This was a phantom solace, and gathered on a cold, hard height, but it would suffice to soothe her anguish, and send her head sleepily back to its rest.

The aching days went by, and still there was no word of him. The mother prayed more frequently, counselling the girls to greater industry, and herself took upon her shoulders unaccustomed burdens of work. For the father, as she saw, laid upon himself an excess of labor, and performed it at a pace beyond his strength; he labored now out of a hurt and exasperated pride that refused to miss the help which had been as his own right hand, or a staff to lean upon. And Silence noticed the strain that came into his face and the deeper carving of the furrow on his brow.

One morning she heard him stirring earlier than usual, and heard her mother's voice in plaintive counsel trying to restrain him. Then she crept from her bed, dressed, and followed him to the yard, where she appeared suddenly in the gray half-light that comes before the sun has risen.

"Fadder," said she, "let me gang to Hauks Seat, and count and overlook the sheep for thee."

"Thy lone? Thou cannot do it, Silence."

"Aye, but I can! Give me leave to gang o' mornings."

He stared at her dazedly.

"Gang!" said he, with a bitter twist of the mouth.

The shortest way to the pasture was through the wood with its limestone belt, and the hidden "acor" between the two great crags in the rocky wall at the head.

Silence reached and passed up the fissure and scrambled out of it on to the turf slope that lay open to the sky. The quiet of the morning brooded over the scene: the sun was rising, and the heads of the hills were alight, while the gray dawn trailed in the valleys. The Bore, in one of its tamer moods, was coming up the Bay, a "white horse" or two in the wake. The sound of the wave rolling on to the estuaries of the Lyvennet and the Kalda, and drawing over the sands the opal-tinted mantle of the tide, came up as a softened, solemn murmur; yet even at this height and distance it was stimulating—a call, a message, from the business in many waters. Beyond and around Arinseat Point the southern horizon was pale with a full, quiet sea, and already a sail or two broke the line, laboring up in the wake of the wave with stores for the villages and hamlets of the eastern shore.

Silence gazed at the scene, fresh and solemn in that early hour of the morning—the scene of the clean, calm day

before the hurry of the day has come into it. Her emotions were unusually touched. The sound of the sea came burdened with new significance, and her mind and intellect stirred under it until the light broke and her heart spoke to her understanding.

"It's there Silver has gauged! Eh, dear Lord! Silver has gauged wi' the boats out to the girt sea!"

The conviction was clear as though it had been certain news. She turned away to her business with the sheep, running to make up for the time she had lost. Presently she was amongst them; some still slumbered in the shadow where the sun had not yet come, some were awake and nibbling with the first ray shining on their woolly backs, while here and there a lamb bleated and nozzled after its mother, or stood still to stare at Silence with a mixture of curiosity and fear. The counting took little time, and the overlooking was no great business, for none of the flock showed signs of that uneasiness which is the prelude to disaster. She turned her face homewards, walking quickly to save the precious time of labor.

So far, the loneliness had been complete. Save for the sea and the cry of a gull or two flying inland before the tide, no sound had reached her or broken her sense of security. But suddenly she gave a start, and found herself glancing round for some refuge in which, upon that bleak open, she might instantly hide. From a near hillock, a rough voice had accosted her in a tone of jocosely familiarity, and she perceived there the great, coarse figure of Nasshiter. Though Silence had always disliked and avoided the man, she had never felt fear of him before. But now she was afraid. Yet what power had he to harm her? She forced herself to walk on with business-like composure. Nasshiter, however, placed himself in her path, and, since she was obliged to

do so, Silence paused with a show of tranquillity, testifying to a native and high courage.

"You're out betimes this morning, eh, lass?" began the man.

"So I am," said Silence.

"You didn't come with sister on Easter morning, to see the sun dance?"

"Na," said Silence, "nor Nanna neither."

Nasshiter laughed.

"Tak a thought and consider," said he; "didn't sister Nanna play at early bird on Easter morning?"

Silence stared at him uncomprehendingly.

"Nanna's not like to rammle over the Fell on a Sunday morning, no more nor me," said she gravely.

Nasshiter half closed one of his eyes and looked into her face quizzically, searchingly. Then he emitted a chuckle of amused satisfaction. Silence did not understand his mood, but it excited within her an increased feeling of doubt and uneasiness. She turned away with an astonishing air of dignity, and walked on. Nasshiter pressed after her, going step by step with her and close by her side.

"You aren't up before dawn of a reg'lar thing" said he.

"Na," replied Silence.

"What brought you up the Fell so early this morning then?" he asked insinuatingly.

"I came to overlook the sheep."

"Weel. You come o' mornings to tent the sheep and I'll help you."

"It's no girt matter to tent sheep."

"I've a mind to help. You come and we'll have a bit of a crack [chat] togedder."

"I hannot no time for cracks, Mester Nasshiter."

"Brother Silver gone, eh?"

"Silver's away, Mester Nasshiter."

"Fadder gave him the bag, eh? That'll be about the shape on't, I reckon?" he questioned confidently.

"Na," said Silence.

"Weel. You come o' mornings and I'll help you." He thrust his finger in his waistcoat pocket, drew out a silver coin, twirled it into the air, caught it, and handed it to her. "Yere's a fairing for you," said he.

"Na, thank ye," said Silence, her cheek flushing with an offence she could not hide.

It happened that Silence had passed beyond the path which was the common way down from the hill, her feet carrying her by habit towards the wood. But Nasshiter knew of no other descent from the hill to the Farm than this, which was a roundabout way to the road through the hamlet of Spor. And when he noticed that she passed it by, the familiarity of his manner increased. He stretched his hand to take her chin and to turn her face for a kiss.

"Come!" said he. "Thou 'rt a bonny lass."

Then the blood which had colored her cheek at his offer of the coin, fled from it back to her heart in a rush of anger and disgust; she struck his outstretched hand away and sprang from him in a run like a deer's to the rocks. As she ran he shouted after her; she heard his voice behind and heard his feet striking the turf in a series of heavy thuds. Her own steps were swift and light and almost noiseless. She came to the top of a hummock and rushed down it and onwards impetuously to the rocks, and in a moment had dropped lightly and safely into the fissure, and was running through the invisible gateway of stone to the welcome covert of the wood. Nasshiter saw her mount the hummock and vanish from it. And he chuckled; she was running in the direction of the impregnable rocky fortification. All her flight was no more than a coquettish feint—for assuredly the tenants of the "seat" on the Fell knew the hill on which

their sheep were pastured! But when he, too, reached the top of the hummock, to his amaze he saw no sign of the light flying figure. Where had she hidden? He stared about him; there was no covert. Then he approached the escarpment and looked over and saw the tops of the trees of the wood lying below him; and saw nothing else.

"Now where the hangment has she got?" muttered he, drawing his heavy, stupid brows together in the vexed frown of defeat.

After this, morning by morning, Silence rose to face the walk and the duty connected with the sheep, in much the same tension of the nerves and beating up of the courage as would have been necessary had her errand led her through an open field wherein a mad bull ranged at large.

Some days later came a sequel to that unpleasing adventure; the incident was small, yet startled her to a brief moment of insight and inference.

It happened when a rousing ironing bout was in progress at the Farm, and when Mrs. Tiffin, a woman of strong personality who regularly assisted Mrs. Whinnery if labors of the kind were in question, was at work in the back kitchen, filling it with a clatter of clogs and of homely conversation, not without a dash of the caustic. The best of the linen was already ironed, and hung clean and fragrant on the airing-rails attached to the ceiling. Silence took down a portion and carried it upstairs for disposal in the drawers.

Silence had a gift of order which Nanna lacked; in the course of arranging some confusion which she found in Nanna's drawer, she came upon a couple of brightly-colored silken kerchiefs, such as ladies of wealth and position were wont to fold about their throats, with a sparkle of gold or a jewel at the knot. Lying upon them was such a trinket—a small heart-shaped locket with a chain attached.

Nanna had not shown Silence these choice and rare possessions; they were not common to girls of their class, and Silence herself had nothing to compare with them. Her scrupulous conscience was troubled at having unearthed a secret not intended for her eyes, and she hastily and reverently covered the things again, explaining them to herself as a probable inheritance from Nanna's father. But as she laid away the linen, her fingers met with something round and hard and unaccountable, and with a sentiment of painful surprise she drew out from the drawer a bright new silver coin. Just such a bright piece from the last coinage of George's reign had Mr. Nasshiter twirled in the air to dazzle and tempt her in the early sunshine on the Fell. And she recalled his half-assertion that Nanna had come up the hill to see the sun dance on Easter morning. But had Nanna slipped away unknown to her to mount the Fell in the dawn of that festival upon which they entered with hearts heavy in grief at Silver's departure? Could she have done that? And if Nasshiter had chanced to meet

her, could she have accepted a coin from his hand?

These things were not possible. Silence pushed the questions aside, indignant at their intrusion. The coin she could not understand: save for a penny or two at rare intervals, she and Nanna did not possess money. But why should she understand? Silence's affections were not exacting: they were humble and serviceable things, trained in forbearance and leniency. She had that largeness of heart which can bid the friend or the lover go free. It did not anger her that Nanna should hide her treasures and impart no share in them. For the rest, though her brooding, dove-like kindness had from time to time many trying acts or moods in Nanna to palliate and excuse, no question as to her honor or as to the deeper currents of her character had so much as ruffled her mind before. She put the whole matter aside now, resumed her tranquility, laid the shining piece where she had found it, and smoothed away the remaining disorder in the drawer with her small but capable hand.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE HOME WORKERS OF LONDON.

In telling of the lives of these women it is "less the horror than the grace" on which I wish to dwell. My only excuse for writing a word on the subject is that I have been for several years intimately connected with the Home Workers' Aid Association, founded and managed by Mr. Thomas Holmes, once a police-court missionary, now the Secretary of the Howard Association. There are two reasons why this would appear to be a reasonable time in which to try to interest people in these quietly heroic lives, for two legislative measures have been promised, or threatened, which must

affect them very closely. The pleasanter of the two, the establishment of a Wages Board, which shall fix the lowest price at which certain work shall be paid, has just come into force. The other measure which is threatened is intended apparently to prohibit home work altogether, unless the dwellings of the workers fulfil certain conditions, which they decidedly do not fulfil.

This latter plan causes the Association much uneasiness. It is said that there are about a hundred thousand home workers in London alone. Of this number only a very small percentage can hope to satisfy the sug-



gested requirements. Yet no one would appear to be able to answer the question, "What is to become of the worker who may no longer work?" It is quite useless to say that she must go into a factory. She cannot. Amongst the women whom I know of this class, the spinsters are all either too old or too infirm to have any chance of being taken on at any factory. The majority of the women are widows, whilst a certain number have infirm husbands, or bad husbands, and in these cases there are almost always young children who cannot be left for the whole day. The women will not go into any workhouse. Are they to starve? They will neither beg nor steal.

What do these home workers make? In past days I have given a list of the things in answer to this question, and I have been met by the astonished exclamation, "Why, I thought all that was done by machinery!" Perhaps it is; but the machines have the outer appearance of toil-worn women, and I know they can feel. They are makers of boxes of all kinds—boxes for sweets, boxes to contain samples of food, boxes for delicate surgical appliances, boxes to hold fountain pens, and match-boxes. They make belts, tooth-brushes, blouses, costumes, babies' bonnets, paper bags, artificial flowers, seal-skin jackets, and confirmation wreaths. They also make a great many things not here set down, for I am only writing of what I know.

Are they not machines after all? I think so sometimes. Their hands move with a swiftness and sureness which is barely human. One old maker of match-boxes was sent down to our Home of Rest at Walton-on-Naze. She was entreated to do nothing, but to sit in a comfortable chair, basking in the sunshine, and look out at the sea. She certainly sat there quietly enough—she was used to that part of the cure.

But as she sat, her poor tired hands went mechanically through the well-known movements. She was folding imaginary paper, smoothing down imaginary corners, and from her hands flowed a continuous stream of phantom match-boxes.

I was once asked if I found a great deal of "revolutionary feeling" amongst these women. Most certainly not. They are not discontented, they have no grievance against anyone, they have no idea that they are ill-used. They suppose, when facing any extra trial, that "It had to be." They resent nothing, they hope nothing; they dread change, since all changes they have known have been for the worse. They are decent, hard-working to a fault, sober, kindly, and very proud.

The only sign which I have discovered amongst them of any sense that this world has failed them is in their unfeigned touching joy at the sight of a funeral amongst their own ranks. This puzzled me at first, and then I saw its meaning. The knowledge came as I went up a good many flights of stairs in a warren of small dwellings near Bethnal Green. At each staircase window was an admiring group, and the courtyard below was thronged, for there was a funeral that day. It was a thoroughly unselfish demonstration of pleasure at the thought that for one of them at least the worst was over, and the best just beginning. No more cramped quarters, no more empty cupboards, no more worry about the rent, and no more match-boxes to be made. Good luck to her! Flowers by all means. She had few in life, but has arum lilies to-day. She has joined the carriage folk for one day only, she to whom a tram-ride was often an impossible bit of luxury. Let grave-faced men attend her to-day: she has had to wait long enough on the pleasure of others when asking for work. That tiny



bit of "feeling" is, I think, in their hearts. I am not sure that they do not rather pity, at the end, those who die after having had an easy life here. It is all going to be "made up" to the match-box maker. But how is it to be "made up" to the millionaire?

There is one home in Shoreditch to which I should much like to introduce anyone interested in the lives of these women. In it live, in beautiful friendship and harmony, an old woman and her only daughter. They are costume sewers. I have seen the room piled up with coats and skirts, for which, when finished, they would receive tenpence. I mean tenpence for the two garments. Of course, they receive them cut out, but they have to find their own thread and their own machines. They are Dorset folk, of farmer stock, and of a handsome race too, with their thick white hair and their flashing dark eyes. They are people of tradition, and can show you the waistcoat in which the elder woman's grandfather was married—a sturdy bit of cream-colored silk, sprayed over with the darling blue of the speedwell. They can also show you his dame's tea-caddy, an oblong box of inlaid wood, furnished with lock and key, as befitted the days when tea was tea and paid for accordingly. Two fears haunt them. One is that of the workhouse, the other that of being buried by the parish. They guard against the latter as well as may be by belonging to a "burying club." The workhouse dread loomed up rather sharply last spring. The sight of the younger woman began to fail. Her mother marvelled at it, and at last began to wonder if it could be the work. She said "There, of course, we never did use to think of going to bed on Friday nights. We wanted to get all the work done we could, so as to take it in on Saturday. We would just make a cup of tea, and maybe step out-

side into the dark to rest our eyes, and then back to it again."

This old woman is a mine of shrewd knowledge. I have often tried new ideas on her, just to get the opinion of the past. For instance, when the Deceased Wife's Sister was engaging the attention of the country, I asked my friend if she knew many people who had yearned to marry their brothers-in-law.

"No," she said, thoughtfully; "there was one we knew who was going to marry her husband's brother; but they say that is not the same relation. How do they make that out, Miss?"

I gave it up. I always do decline to answer for "they." "They" is a sort of mysterious unseen power, always seeking occasion to interfere. I dislike "they," for it too often worries "we."

"What happened?" I asked.

"Well, after the banns had been called once, the clergyman found out it was her husband's brother, and said he couldn't go no further with it. The young man said it wasn't his fault—he had done his best to have it all regular enough; but as they couldn't be married, he supposed they would have to do without—and they did."

A year ago this old woman was an ardent opponent of the Suffragettes. I think she wished for a personal interview in which to express her opinion of such "goings on." All that is changed now, because of the Bill which threatens to interfere with her work. The last question was, "Miss, what right have men to make laws about women without asking them first what they want?"

These Dorset people still have some hankering after pleasant downs and gardens. In their own backyard grows a vine against a wall. It is the joy of their hearts. It flourishes, too, in its way. I ate last autumn one or two nearly ripe grapes grown in Shoreditch.

In the same neighborhood lives a very particular friend of mine, a maker of artificial flowers. She is always changing her room and her street, but she has apparently an unconquerable love for that half-underground apartment which is known in Shoreditch as a "breakfast parlor." Why breakfast parlor instead of drawing-room, gun-room, or cellar I do not know. This woman is well over sixty years of age, but her blue eyes are clear, her hand steady, and in her cheeks is the red of a good winter apple. When I first knew her she was working not only for herself, but for her blind husband. It is absolutely true that when Mr. Holmes found her, a few days before he took me to call, she and her husband had been without any food for two whole days. Work was slack, as it was the blessed season of Christmas. Now her husband is dead, and she works for herself, and finds it rather dull, I fancy. She and her man were the most tremendous politicians. She is still keenly interested in the subject, and is a patriot of the first water. Her creed has one clause; that is, "Keep the alien out."

Heaven endowed her at birth with a sense of humor, which must be to her more precious than rubies. When I saw her last she was making rosebuds, in bunches of three. Their coloring is excellent, and they are surrounded with leaves. She gets the materials in the rough, and has to curl each leaf with a little pair of hot tongs, to mount the bunch, and to cover the stems. For a dozen such bunches of three she can get one shilling and three-pence. She is cheerful as ever about the price. "Better than the old violets," she says; "they only made sixpence a gross."

My friend asks me paralyzing questions—of course, dealing with "they." I fancy she sits and thinks them up whilst curling rose-leaves.

"Miss, why do they let the foreigners send over things like this?"

She shows me some forget-me-nots which she has to twine into wreaths.

"Just give them a flick with your finger, and you'll see what they are."

I flick obediently, and one or two starry blue heads fall off.

"Do you call them properly made?" she demands. "Convent stuff that is, or prison work, sent over from France or Belgium. Of course, I can't make flowers as cheap as that. But there, why do they let foreigners do half the things they do? Look how they crowd up together. My oldest daughter lives in Soho, and she knows. Man and wife take one room, so respectable. At least he says it is his wife, and who's to know? Then at night there is the outer door on the latch, and in they all come, all his foreign friends, and lay along the floor so thick that you couldn't set your foot between them. Why don't the police do something? They would if it was us."

I suggest that perhaps the police do not know, but an expressive sniff is the only answer.

When switched off the subject of the alien, the woman, who can neither read nor write, becomes eloquent on the subject of the joys of the theatre. It is a subject of which she never tires. "I sit here and think of all the plays I have seen," she says. "There, I don't suppose I shall never see any again. They did me good. If they were funny, why I had a good laugh, and if they were sad, why, I was helped to think it wasn't only me that was picked out for worries. What is your favorite play, Miss? Mine's *Hamlet*."

This remarkable bit of information sent like lightning through my brain the old delightful saying, "There was a lot of trouble in the 'amlick family." Before I recovered she went on, "The next is the *Winter's Tale*."

"Where did you see these?" I asked.

"Why, at Sadler's Wells, in the old days, Miss. There was real acting then."

I should like to see my maker of flowers at the play once again before she dies.

Amongst the women of this class whom I know there is one, and only one, who is in receipt of parish relief. She is a retired home worker—retired, not from age, but from an injured spine. Otherwise I am sure she would not touch parish money. She was a sewer of children's boots, and still speaks with some regret of her old business. In those halcyon days she could earn ten shillings a week, sitting at it steadily from eight to eight, and receiving tenpence for a dozen pairs. The constant dragging at the thread ended by pulling her spine out of gear. Her choice to-day lies between wearing irons, and setting up a succession of abscesses, or wearing no irons, and being hardly able to crawl. The one trifling drawback connected with her past work of which she speaks is "the patch." I found this meant that the most convenient place on which to hammer a boot is the left thigh, just above the knee. Persistence in this habit brings about the formation of a hard patch in the flesh at that spot. It is looked upon as the mark of that trade. I believe that in certain factories pads are provided in order to stop this; but the general opinion seems to be that the patch is another of the things which "have to be," and that there is no use making a fuss about trifles.

On a half-crown from the parish, and a few shillings which she makes by doing needlework for her neighbors, this woman ekes out her decent existence. She shares here one room with another woman, who is employed outside all day. The ex-bootmaker was once in service before she came home to nurse a dying mother, and took to the boots.

The influence of her early training is easily seen in the speckless cleanliness of that one room. She has two terrors in life—one is the fear of not being able to get to church, and the other is the fear of not being able to keep her fire in during the cold weather. These are the two comforts without which she really dreads to have to go. One keeps her soul warm, and the other does the same kindness to her body. Nearly all home workers appear to be possessed of deep piety. Sometimes the mother cannot go to church herself for lack of boots, but she always contrives to send the children. Boots are the most stubborn of all things. When they wear out they do wear out, and the very wisest care does not restore them. I am sure their wearers would turn them if they could, but so far that has not been managed with any marked success.

One story told me by a friend of the home workers illustrates this extreme reluctance to give up "going to worship." I am not responsible for the morals of the tale, but tell it as told to me. A certain poor woman, a devout Methodist, had been out searching for work. The factory to which she went had no work to give her, and she only got the usual formula, "Keep on with your holidays." In despair she turned homewards. It was a Thursday, and on that evening in her chapel, close to her home, there was to be one of those meetings at which the members of the community ask each other for prayer or advice, or else recount the good they have received at the hand of the Lord. At such meetings something must be given, though it need not be more than a penny. The old woman had just one penny, so she could go to the meeting if she could get there. But it was a mile away from the factory. A tram would take her, but then she would have no penny left. Tram or meeting was the question, and she was

cruelly tired. "My dear," she said, "the flesh was weak. I felt I could not do the work, and I got into the tram, and felt I had given in. But the Lord never forgets His own. The conductor by some chance never remembered to ask me for my fare."

The Minimum Wages Board, now constituted, will find its work cut out when it tackles the question of the rate of pay for boxes. No one who had not been a box-hand for years could estimate the exact shades of difficulty in the work—the very small differences which will make one kind of box badly paid at one-and-threepence a gross, and another about the same size fairly well paid at tenpence. Very near the retired maker of boots there is a house in which live two makers of boxes. The two upper rooms are inhabited by a widow and her children. She has had a desperate struggle for existence, for her husband died of consumption, leaving her with seven children, none of whom are strong. Her rooms must one day engage the attention of any authority which inquires into the sanitary state of place in which home work is done. In the corner of the big room in which she works is a bed, a big bed, and in it she sleeps, as do, or did, her four daughters. How they managed it is more than I can say. The three male members of the family slept in the adjoining room. Things are not quite so bad to-day, for at Christmas 1908 a very grim guest entered that home. Five of the family went down with enteric fever and were taken to a hospital, and only three returned. This woman and her landlady spent much time in assuring me that there was nothing wrong with the place. "The Sanitary" had said so. I am bound to accept such authority; but I do still wonder why there was enteric next door, enteric over the way, and enteric in the houses at the back. This friend

of mine makes boxes for a certain sort of chocolate, and I own that I have felt just a little averse from that particular brand since I made her acquaintance. For these boxes she gets one shilling and threepence a gross, but has to throw in the making of six big "containing boxes" as an extra. She has to find her own glue, and the smell of that glue is something which will not let itself be forgotten: it follows the visitor home, and declines to be shaken off. By working from six in the morning until six in the evening she can just make a gross, and she pays six-and-sixpence a week for her two rooms. Two of the children are now able to give some little help, or the problem of how to live would pass even her powers of solution.

In the rooms below lives another box-maker, but her circumstances are not so hard, for she has a husband, and her child is married. The husband is a cabinet-maker by trade, but gets very little work. The reason given for this is very strange. He appears to have devoted his hot youth and his sturdy manhood to the manufacture of overmantels. Now that those singularly ugly pieces of furniture have been scrap-heaped, he is out of work. It is so difficult for the lay mind to understand why a man who can make overmantels cannot make chairs, but that appears to be the case. The last of triumphs in overmantels hangs on his own wall, and is an awful warning. All the same, I am just a little anxious when I see that his wife takes in more and more box-making. A story told me by another home worker comes to my mind. This woman had travelled far, and had reached a town which she always spoke of as 'Ull. She had done work there at a "Sweating Exhibition." She said, "There, I'd come in from work and always find he settin' by the fire, smoking. Never did a stroke, he didn't. She kept it all going through

taking in the washing from the ships that came in. Well, I says one evening, when she was at the tub as usual, 'How long have you been looking for work?' 'Twenty years,' he says, very sorrowful-like. 'I ain't had no luck.' 'And your wife has been doing the washing for twenty years?' 'Yes,' he says, knocking his pipe out, 'she is lucky, she is. Not out of work for a day as I can remember.' 'Old man,' I says, 'you won't like the work when you find it. You are a deal more comfortable as you are. Don't you look no harder, but just go on same as you are going.' 'Mrs. C,' he says, looking at me very straight, 'I mean to!'

It was this same maker of boxes who let me see the precise amount of respect possessed by this class for the British army. Her grandson came in to interview me, a small sturdy boy. I asked him what he meant to be when he grew up. He had an open mind on that point. Then I said, "If I were such a fine strong little man, I should want to go and fight for my country." His grandmother gathered him to her heart to protect him, and said in horror, "Oh, Miss, we would never let our Tommy go for a soldier." If I had said, "He seems a smart little fellow, why not bring him up as a burglar?" the action would have been justified.

Another box-maker I saw making boxes for some kind of sweets. She got the splendid price of one-and-sixpence a gross. It is not as good as it sounds, for these boxes are covered in light blue paper, which shows every finger-mark, and they have some paper lace inside. With tireless industry this woman could make a gross a day. As she had then only one child, and paid only three shillings a week for her room, it seemed a case of comparative affluence. But alas, she had a bad husband, who had just deserted her, and it was quite certain that before very long she would have to lay

aside her work for a few, all too few, days, and that then there would be another child to care for. Above her bed was a framed text, "Have faith in God." I hope she has, for she needs it.

There are more pleasant forms of work than box-making; one of my friends lives by making babies' bonnets. She is a widow. I should like to tell the story of her widowhood, but then I should be trenching on quite another subject. She has brought up her two children in decency and in the fear of God. Her fingers work like lightning, and although she has a weakness for a talk, she never lays down her work, never makes a mistake, and never sells the dainty lace and ribbon. She gets for these bonnets, when made, two shillings a dozen. The price was higher once, but in an evil hour some worker took in girls to train, paid them little or nothing, and turned out such quantities of work that her employers feared that riches might prove demoralizing to her, and so lowered the price of the bonnets. There is one thing about this case which has always puzzled me. At last I had to ask for light. I wanted to know where the babies lived. I must have seen thousands of these bonnets passing through her hands during the last five years. Where are the babies to fit them? They do not live down Hoxton way. My friend opined that the bonnets were exported. Then where is the land in which there are thousands and thousands of nice clean babies, all about the same age, and all wearing these dainty bonnets?

The making of sealskin jackets is another branch of home work, but I have only so far met one woman engaged in it. This is not nice work at all, for it tries the eyes, and the stuff tickles the nose. The skins are nailed out on boards, and the weak places found and repaired. It is possible, I am as-



sured, to finish a coat in three days, and then to receive the munificent sum of five shillings. But it is a trade of which I know little, and so far I have not seen its advantages. There is another interesting class of work of which I should like to speak; that is the making of tooth-brushes. It is more decently paid, as such things go. A maker of these brushes, whom I know well, gets fivepence a dozen for them, and works very hard to keep herself and her three children. There is a husband in existence, but his absences from home are many and lengthy. They are not altogether voluntary, and it would not be at all polite to ask his address. Lately he has been absent altogether, a matter for no regret. With deft fingers this woman picks up a little bunch of bristles from a pile in front of her, gives them a certain twist, and slips them inside a hole in the shell of the brush, which is held in a vice. Some tooth-brushes have an unconscionable number of holes. Then a twist of wire keeps them in their place. Should she miscalculate the number of bristles, some have to be removed. Both hands are engaged, so it is quite simple to stoop down and remove the surplus with her teeth. I have often gazed at her with horror at this stage, seeing a few bristles lingering round her lips. "Are you not afraid of swallowing them?" I asked. "Bless you, no, Miss. Bristles don't hurt," was the answer. She has one terror in life, for she is informed that the Japanese can now send in toothbrushes much cheaper than she can make them.

I was in her room one day when her daughter, aged about twelve, came in from the happy Board school. "What lessons have you been doing this af-

ternoon?" I asked. The exact answer was, "Droring, 'ental 'rithmetic, and 'essitations."

Such is the best description I can give of the home workers of London. If it does not appeal to the hearts of those who read it, the fault is with me, for the people themselves are of the salt of the earth. May I add one word? They do not drink. I am so tired of having this most easy explanation of all poverty hurled in my face. I do not know the exact cost of drunkenness, although I am not ignorant of the price of beer or gin. Given a woman with two or three children, who can earn just ten shillings a week by incessant work, allow that those children are fed and clothed, and that the rent is paid, where is the money for drink to come from? Is there a race of publicans which gives away liquor for sheer fun? Tea, bread, and margarine appear to me the staple articles of diet. An acquaintance of mine who ought to be a detective—in a novel—said, "Ah, they know when you are coming. The gin bottle goes into the cupboard, and the teapot comes out." As a matter of fact, they know neither the hour, the day, nor the week.

The Home Workers' Aid Association does its best to induce the women not to bring their daughters up to the same trades, but it is a hard matter. Indeed, the daughters are scarcely fitted for domestic service. It would take two years of good air and good food to fit most of them to be anything more than "Marchionesses." It is truly sad to think that mastering the intricacies of "droring, 'ental 'rithmetic, and 'essitations" may only lead in the end to match-box making at five-pence farthing a gross.

*Sydney K. Phelps.*



## THE BRONTË FAMILY AT MANCHESTER.

The meeting of the Brontë family at Manchester, with the request so kindly made to me for a short address not inappropriate to the meeting, naturally suggests the relation of the Brontë family, and of Charlotte Brontë in particular, to this city. For while her life and the lives of the members of her family were essentially not urban, but rural, yet, if there is any city which may claim a direct and almost personal interest in her biography, it is Manchester. Manchester was the home of the accomplished and distinguished lady Mrs. Gaskell, who not only entertained Charlotte Brontë several times as a guest, but eventually at the desire of her father wrote her life. The "Life of Charlotte Brontë" has won a classical place in English literature: it is of course familiarly known to you all. So far as I shall be able to supplement it by any letters or reminiscences which have not hitherto seen the light, you and I alike are debtors to the courtesy of Miss Gaskell, who still lives at Plymouth Grove in the house where Charlotte Brontë was wont to stay, and is the one intimate surviving link between her or her biographer and the city of Manchester.

Let me begin by referring to the Rev. Patrick Brontë. In the "Manchester Courier" of August 21, 1906, the following notice occurred:

On the 21st of August, 1846, sixty years ago to-day, the distinguished novelist Charlotte Brontë visited Manchester with her father. They remained for about a month, lodging in one of the suburbs of the town—Manchester was not then a city—and during that period the operation of extraction of cataract was performed on the father, the Rev. Patrick Brontë. On the day of the operation Charlotte received from a London publisher a curt

refusal of "The Professor," which had been offered for publication.

Mrs. Gaskell speaks of "The Professor" as "passing slowly about that time from publisher to publisher"; and she adds that among the many refusals from different publishers, some were "not over-courteously worded in writing to an unknown author." It must not, however, be forgotten that the publishers who knew Charlotte Brontë only as Currer Bell supposed themselves to be addressing a man. At last the manuscript was sent to Messrs. Smith & Elder, the famous firm of publishers now in Waterloo Place,—so inexperienced was Charlotte Brontë in the ways of the world that she is said to have actually sent it in a brown paper parcel on which the names of other publishers who had already rejected it were simply erased without being rendered illegible, and the answer of the firm, while declining to undertake the publication, yet in Charlotte Brontë's own words "discussed the merits and demerits of the book so courteously, so considerably, in a spirit so rational, with a discrimination so enlightened, that the very refusal cheered the author better than a vulgarly expressed acceptance would have done," and laid the first stone of a close personal and professional association which lasted to the end of her life.

It was in the summer of 1846 that Mr. Brontë's eyesight became gravely affected by cataract. He was then a man in his seventieth year. An operation for cataract was a more serious matter in those days than it is now. There was at that time a celebrated oculist named Wilson living in Mosley Street in Manchester. An engraving of his portrait may still be seen here in the Royal Eye Hospital. To him Charlotte and Emily Brontë resorted

some time in July 1846, with an account of their father's malady. He replied naturally enough that it would be necessary for him to see his patient before deciding whether it was the time to perform an operation or not. Accordingly Charlotte Brontë brought her father to Manchester at the end of August. They lodged at 83 Mount Pleasant, in Boundary Street, Oxford Road, a house which has been identified by Dr. Axon's researches,<sup>1</sup> although the houses in the street have been renumbered; and it is a striking fact that Charlotte Brontë wrote the first pages of "*Jane Eyre*" at that address, during the period of her father's convalescence after his operation.

The following extracts are parts of two letters written by Charlotte Brontë from the house, 83 Mount Pleasant, in August 1846. On the 21st she wrote to her friend Miss Nussey:

Papa and I came here on Wednesday. We saw Mr. Wilson, the oculist, the same day. He pronounced papa's eyes quite ready for an operation, and has fixed next Monday for the performance of it. Think of us on that day! We got into our lodgings yesterday. I think we shall be comfortable; at least, our rooms are very good, but there is no mistress of the house (she is very ill, and gone out into the country), and I am somewhat puzzled in managing about provisions; we board ourselves. I find myself excessively ignorant. I can't tell what to order in the way of meat. For ourselves I could contrive, papa's diet is so very simple; but there will be a nurse coming in a day or two, and I am afraid of not having things good enough for her. Papa requires nothing, you know, but plain beef and mutton, tea and bread and butter; but a nurse will probably expect to live much better; give me some hints if you can.

All that is known of the oculist, Mr. William James Wilson, is told by Dr.

<sup>1</sup> See his article in the "*Manchester Guardian*" of March 31, 1906, where a drawing of the house is given.

Brocklebank in his "Sketches of the Lives and Work of the Honorary Medical Staff of the Manchester Infirmary."

Five days after the date of the last letter, on August 26, Charlotte Brontë wrote again:

The operation is over. It took place yesterday. Mr. Wilson performed it; two other surgeons assisted. Mr. Wilson says he considers it quite successful; but papa cannot yet see anything. The affair lasted precisely a quarter of an hour; it was not the simple operation of couching Mr. C. [i.e. Mr. Carr] described, but the more complicated one of extracting the cataract. Mr. Wilson entirely disapproves of couching. Papa displayed extraordinary patience and firmness; the surgeons seemed surprised. I was in the room all the time, as it was his wish that I should be there; of course, I neither spoke nor moved till the thing was done, and then I felt that the less I said, either to papa or to the surgeons, the better. Papa is now confined to his bed in a dark room, and is not to be stirred for four days; he is to speak and be spoken to as little as possible.

Other letters written from Manchester during Mr. Brontë's convalescence are quoted by Mr. Clement Shorter, as well as these, in "*The Brontës. Life and Letters.*"<sup>2</sup>

Mr. Brontë and his daughter returned to Haworth at the end of September.

The Rev. Patrick Brontë is an interesting figure, not only as being the father of Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell. No clergymen of the present day could hold so rigid a creed or wear so formidable a cravat as he. Miss Gaskell has kindly put into my hands some private letters addressed by him to her mother, and I will try to make a discreet and scrupulous use of them.

One of the letters, dated August 27, 1855, relates to his own parish and to the affection felt by the parishioners for his daughters; it will be realized as

<sup>2</sup> Vol. i. pp. 337-8.

being Miss Gaskell's authority for a touching incident which she tells about Charlotte Brontë's funeral:

The people here [says Mr. Brontë] generally are poor, but, whether rich or poor, they have always been not only civil to me and mine, but friendly, when an opportunity offered for showing their disposition. On a solemn occasion I saw this clearly exhibited. My children, generally, and my dear daughter Charlotte in particular, were both kind, liberal, and affable with the inhabitants. A thorough sense of this proceeding was not wanting on the death of each of them, and when the last death took place, when my dear Charlotte was no more—both rich and poor throughout the village and the neighborhood, both publicly and privately, gave sure proofs of genuine sorrow. The poor have often been accused of ingratitude—I think wrongfully. There was no instance of this when my dear Charlotte died. A case or two I might mention, as an illustration of what I say. One moral and amiable girl, who had been deceived and deserted by a deceitful man, who had promised her marriage—when she heard of my daughter's hopeless illness, without our knowing it at the time—she spent a week of sleepless distress, and ever since deeply mourns her loss, and all this, because my daughter had kindly sympathized with her in her distress, and given her good advice, and helped her in her time of need, and enabled her to get on till she made a prudent marriage with a worthier man. Another case which I would speak of, which is only one amongst many—a poor blind girl who received an annual donation from my daughter, after her death required to be led four miles, to be at my daughter's funeral, over which she wept many tears of gratitude and sorrow. In her acts of kindness, my dear daughter was, as I thought, often rather impulsive. Two or three winters ago a poor man fell on the ice, and broke his thigh, and had to be carried home to his comfortless cottage, where he had a wife with twins, and six other small children. My daughter, having heard of their situa-

tion sent the servant to see how they were. On her return she made a very eloquent and pathetic report. My daughter, being touched, got up directly and sent them a sovereign, to their great astonishment and pleasure, for which they have been ever afterwards grateful. Though I could not help being pleased with this act, though hardly in accordance with my daughter's means, I observed to her that women were often impulsive in deeds of charity. She jocularly replied: "In deeds of charity men reason much and do little—women reason little and do much, and I will act the woman still."

In 1857, two years after Charlotte Brontë's death, the year which saw the first edition of Mrs. Gaskell's "*Life of Charlotte Brontë*," Mr. Brontë addressed to her two letters which are still in Miss Gaskell's possession. The handwriting of the letters testifies to the writer's advanced age and failing eyesight. In one of them, a letter which Mr. Clement Shorter<sup>3</sup> has already given to the world, Mr. Brontë writes on April 2, 1857:

I thank you for the books you have sent me containing the memoir of my daughter. I have perused them with a degree of pleasure and pain which can be known only to myself. As you will have the opinion of abler critics than myself, I shall not say much in the way of criticism. I shall only make a few remarks in unison with the feelings of my heart. With a tenacity of purpose usual with me in all cases of importance, I was fully determined that the biography of my daughter should, if possible, be written by one not unworthy of the undertaking. My mind first turned to you, and you kindly acceded to my wishes. Had you refused, I would have applied to the next best, and so on; and had all applications failed, as the last resource, though about eighty years of age and feeble and unfit for the task, I would myself have written a short, though inadequate, memoir, rather than have

<sup>3</sup> The "*Life of Charlotte Brontë*," by Mrs. Gaskell. With an Introduction and Notes by Clement K. Shorter. Introduction p. xxviii.

left it to selfish, hostile, or ignorant scribblers. But the work is now done, and done rightly, as I wished it to be, and in its completion has afforded me more satisfaction that I have felt during many years of a life in which has been exemplified the saying that "man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward."

The second letter is dated August 24, in the same year. It refers to criticisms passed upon the "Life."

Why should you disturb yourself [he says] concerning what has been, is, and ever will be the lot of eminent writers? But here, as in other cases, according to the old adage, "the more cost the more honor." Above three thousand years since Solomon said "he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow," "much study is a weariness of the flesh." So you may find it, and so my daughter Charlotte found it, and so thousands may find it till the end of the world, should this sinful perverse world last so long as to produce so many authors like you and my daughter Charlotte. You have had and will have much praise with a little blame. Then drink the mixed cup with thankfulness to the great Physician of souls. It will be far more salutary to you in the end, and even in the beginning, than if it were all unmixed sweetness.

Still more interesting is a letter of April 7, 1857, as it touches upon his parental authority over his children. He writes:

The principal mistake in the Memoir which I wish to mention is that which states that I laid my daughters under restriction with regard to their diet, obliging them to live chiefly on vegetable food. This I never did. After their aunt's death, with regard to the housekeeping affairs they had all their own way. Thinking their constitutions to be delicate, the advice I repeatedly gave them was that they should wear flannel, eat as much wholesome animal food as they could digest, take air and exercise in moderation, and not devote too much time and attention to study and composition. I should

wish this to be mentioned in the second edition.

This is all that I can say about Mr. Brontë, except, indeed, for one letter of his which will be quoted presently; but I hope it may be felt to throw a not unpleasant light on the character of that singular but honest and conscientious clergyman.

Let me now pass to Charlotte Brontë and her friendship with Mrs. Gaskell.

Mr. Birrell in his monograph on Charlotte Brontë has described, almost in Mrs. Gaskell's own words, the earliest meeting of these two celebrated ladies. It took place in the beginning of August 1850. The meeting occurred at Briery Close, a house high above Low Wood on Windermere, then occupied by Sir James Kay Shuttleworth. Mrs. Gaskell, writing at the time to a friend, describes Miss Brontë as

thin and more than half a head shorter than I am, soft brown hair, not very dark, eyes (very good and expressive, looking straight and open at you) of the same color as her hair, a large mouth, the forehead square, broad, and rather overhanging. She has a very sweet voice, rather hesitates in choosing her expressions, but when chosen they seem without an effort admirable, and just befitting the occasion; there is nothing overstrained, but perfectly simple. She told me about Father Newman's lectures at the Oratory in a very quiet, concise, graphic way.

Even before that meeting Charlotte Brontë had written on November 20, 1849, to her friend Mr. Williams: "The letter you forwarded this morning was from Mrs. Gaskell, authoress of 'Mary Barton'; she said I was not to answer it, but I cannot help doing so. The note brought the tears to my eyes. She is a good, she is a great woman"; and on January 1, 1850, she had instructed her publishers to send Mrs. Gaskell a copy of "Wuthering Heights" as a return for her present of "The Moorland

Cottage." The meeting at Briery Close led to a visit of Mrs. Gaskell to Haworth and to several visits of Charlotte Brontë to Manchester.

Mrs. Gaskell visited Haworth in September 1853, and her impression of the Vicarage and of its inhabitants is printed in the "Life." There is in Miss Gaskell's possession a letter written to her mother after the visit, and in it Charlotte Brontë says:

After you left the house felt very much as if the shutters had been suddenly closed and the blinds let down. One was sensible during the remainder of the day of a depressing silence, shadow, loss and want. However, if the going away was sad, the stay was very pleasant and did permanent good. Papa, I am sure, derived real benefit from your visit; he has been better ever since.

Charlotte Brontë, apart from her visit in connection with her father's illness, came to Manchester in June 1851 on her way from London to Haworth, again in April 1853, and lastly, just before her marriage, in May 1854. She describes the house of Mr. and Mrs. Gaskell in Plymouth Grove as "a large, cheerful, airy house quite out of Manchester smoke." "A garden," she says, "surrounds it, and as in this hot weather the windows were kept open, a whispering of leaves and a perfume of flowers always pervaded the rooms." Plymouth Grove of to-day has, I am afraid, lost something of its smokeless atmosphere; but the house and the garden are still there. Mrs. Gaskell, in describing Charlotte Brontë's second visit, tells a curious story of the shyness which she evinced after having lived so long out of the world.

We had a friend, a young lady, staying with us, and although our friend was gentle and sensible after Miss Brontë's own heart, yet her presence was enough to create a nervous tremor. I was aware that both of our guests

were unusually silent, and I saw a little shiver run from time to time over Miss Brontë's frame. I could account for the modest reserve of the young lady, and the next day Miss Brontë told me how the unexpected sight of a strange face had affected her.

An even more curious story lives in Miss Gaskell's memory. It happened that Mrs. Sidney Potter, the author of that interesting book "Lancashire Memories," came to call on Mrs. Gaskell during Charlotte Brontë's visit. She was shown into the drawing-room, where Mrs. Gaskell and her guest were conversing. Mrs. Gaskell, after greeting Mrs. Potter, turned to introduce her to Charlotte Brontë, but Charlotte Brontë had vanished. Mrs. Gaskell naturally assumed that she had slipped out of the room by one of its doors; but after Mrs. Potter's departure she reappeared from behind one of the heavy window curtains, into which she had fled for concealment at the sight of a stranger.

The following letter is, I think, a beautiful expression of Charlotte Brontë's feeling for her friend and future biographer. Writing from Haworth on March 28, 1853, she says:

It may seem rather impulsive to write again immediately on the spur of the moment without having anything of special importance to communicate; but really it is sometimes right to yield to impulses—and mine is to say out of my heart that I feel in your letters something kind and good which does me good. Why do they never betray anything of the bitterness of jealousy, or of the poison of secret acridities? Why are they at once so frank and so gentle? All my "kind friends"—all my affectionate correspondents are not *thus*—to your goodness is not wanting the foil of contrast—Heaven knows! Perhaps it is this foil make (*sic*) me feel the opposite keenly.

As to the coming reviews to which you allude, I bend to them my head, and shall expect more blows than benedictions. Surely I even deserve them.



Your modesty touches, melts, humbles me more than I can express.

Keep your heart kind and warm towards me till we meet. If I fix my visit for the first week in May (D.V.) will that suit? I promise not to be demonstrative, sentimental, fatiguing in a word; but I shall be glad to take hold of your hand, to have it in mine, not to squeeze it too hard, lest it should be crushed, but to make much of it as a hand prone to administer comfort and loathe (*sic*) to inflict pain.

It was after this proposed visit, which took place in April 1853, that Charlotte Brontë wrote to Mrs. Gaskell: "The week I spent in Manchester has impressed me as the very brightest and healthiest I have known for these five years past."

The last of the three visits to Manchester extended only over three days. Charlotte Brontë was then occupied in preparing for her marriage, and she went to Leeds for the sake of making the necessary purchases. Her preparations, as she herself said, could "neither be expensive nor extensive, consisting chiefly in a modest replenishing of her wardrobe, some repainting and repapering in the Parsonage which was to be her home, and above all converting the small flagged passage room hitherto used only for stores (which was behind her sitting-room) into a study for her husband."

There is not much to be added. But the following letter of Charlotte Brontë possesses a peculiar interest, as it reveals the story of her engagement. On April 18, 1854, she writes to Mrs. Gaskell from Haworth:

I should have deferred writing to you till I could fix the day of coming to Manchester, but I have a thing or two to communicate which I want to get done with. You remember—or perhaps do *not* remember—what I told you when you were at Haworth. Towards the end of autumn the matter was again brought prominently forward. There was much reluctance and many

difficulties to be overcome. I cannot deny that I had a battle to fight with myself; I am not sure that I have even yet conquered certain inward combatants. Be this as it may, in Jan'y last papa gave his sanction for a renewal of acquaintance. Things have progressed I don't know how. It is of no use going into detail. After various visits and as the result of perseverance in one quarter and a gradual change of feeling in others, I find myself what people call "engaged."

Mr. Nicholls returns to Haworth. The people are very glad, especially the poor and old and very young, to all of whom he was kind, with a kindness that showed no flash at first, but left a very durable impression. He is to become a resident in this house. I believe it is expected that I shall change my name in the course of summer—perhaps in July. He promises to prove his gratitude to papa by offering faithful support and consolation to his age. As he is not a man of fine words, I believe him. The Rubicon once passed, papa seems cheerful and satisfied; he says he has been "far too stern"; he even admits that he was unjust—terribly unjust he certainly was for a time, but now all this is effaced from memory, now that he is kind again and declares himself happy, and talks reasonably and without invective. I could almost cry sometimes that in this important action in my life I cannot better satisfy papa's perhaps natural pride. My destiny will not be brilliant certainly, but Mr. Nicholls is conscientious, affectionate, pure in heart and life. He offers a most constant and tried attachment, I am very grateful to him; I mean to try to make him happy, and papa too.

I will close my paper with some words taken from a letter of Mr. Brontë's on his daughter Charlotte's death. He writes to Mrs. Gaskell on April 6, 1855:

My daughter is indeed dead—the solemn truth presses upon her worthy and affectionate husband and me with great and, it may be, with unusual weight. But others also have or shall



have their sorrows, and we feel our own the most. The marriage that took place seemed to hold forth long and bright prospects of happiness. But in the inscrutable providence of God all our hopes have ended in disappointment and our joy in mourning. May we resign to the will of the Most High! After three months of sickness tranquil death closed the scene. But our loss, we trust, is her gain. But why should

*The Cornhill Magazine.*

I trouble you longer with our sorrows? "The heart knoweth its own bitterness," and we ought to bear with fortitude our own grievances and not to bring others into our sufferings.

There is something of Stoicism as well as of Christianity in the bereaved father's calm and stern submission to the Almighty Will.

*J. E. C. Welldon.*

## OUR CRESCENT.

The stately chronicle of history is mainly but the gossip of to-day, gilt-edged and a hundred or a thousand years old. And, if your theme as a writer is life, you must be inquisitively, and even inquisitorially, interested in the affairs of the people about you. But for the Regular Customer, I might never have known that great truth. It was she who lifted our neighbors into unmerited notice, with what I at first felt obliged to call her pitiless, persistent chatter, at our dinner-table, and, indeed, at all our meals.

It was the dinner-table of a boarding-house—or rather, as I should prefer to put it, of an establishment where they take a few paying guests. I was a bachelor. I went there on the promise of quiet, and the place suited my means. It lay in a Crescent labelled "Private Road," for the discouragement of hawkers, organs, and German bands; and, in regard to its freedom from pests of that kind, it was certainly as restful as a cemetery.

But the Regular Customer—so called because she had been longest in the house—threatened to spoil all by a diseased curiosity as to the habits of our insignificant neighbors, that made the place, so to speak, hum with insect life.

She knew all about everybody, within her limited range of vision in both kinds, for her mind seemed a

blank of intellectual interests, and her walks were generally confined to the strip of garden in the cup of the half-moon. When she was not in that garden she had a post of observation in the bow-window of her room, whence, with the help of an opera-glass, she could rake the whole thoroughfare fore and aft to the very tips of the horns. Nothing escaped her, and we had the harvest of her unquiet eye in endless loads of tittle-tattle at every meal.

She was able to tell us that the neatly shod man of middle-age, with whom she had a bowing acquaintance, and whom she occasionally met in general society, was a solicitor in good practice, a widower, and childless. His next-door neighbor, it seemed, was a decadent poet; and the two had been in acrimonious correspondence in regard to noises against the party-wall. Moreover, her range of information included a bank-manager, an outside broker, a curate, and a retired egg-merchant. I pass over the rest of the dismal count on the men's side. And, to bring them all together, as the painters say, there was also a Gibson girl, with whom one or other of these personages, with the exception of the solicitor, was understood to be madly in love.

She differentiated these absolutely uninteresting figures not so much by

their names as by ridiculous attributions of character and circumstances, which were, if possible, still less to the point. Thus the solicitor, on the strength of his having rather a neat taste in spats, figured in all her narrations as "the Smallest Foot in the Crescent." The curate, in like manner, for no better reason, apparently, than that he had cultivated a winning way with souls, was "the Sweetest Smile" in the same secluded thoroughfare. As if any human being but her inquisitive self could possibly care! It made me dread to think of what label she might have for me behind my back.

Morning, noon and night this stream of gossip of the Regular Customer flowed on, to the detriment of my studious life. The conditions of that life often confined me to the house all day, and at luncheon she sometimes had me all to herself. I need not say that she abused the opportunity to the full. Merely to escape her I often went all the way to the British Museum, for no better purpose than to read a volume which I carried in my pocket. Her latest news of No. 7, the story of her midnight vigil in the interests of No. 11A, cut in between me and the morning paper, and distracted my attention from the volume of "Court Gossip under the Caliphs," which was my latest find in Charing Cross Road. I really began to dislike her, and yet I was bound to admit that under happier circumstances she might have been all very well in her place. When I first met her, and before she had opened her mouth, she seemed on the wrong side of forty, yet not too far over the border. Her plumpness did not preclude a spring in the step, her bright eye was a perfect match in color with the mass of her top-knot, or whatever else may be its name. Now, I revelled in the thought that the fall of her fairy feet was but a thud when no-

body was looking, and the knot as artificial as one of the hairy nothings which they call a busby in the Husars. Nay, more; I actually spoke of her in the smoking-room as "Paulina Pry."

It was the distorting medium of hate, I know, but think of the provocation. Whenever I left the premises, out popped the busby from the watch-tower as a matter of course; and no matter at what hour I returned, there it was again. I left by preference at last only on foggy days, chuckling over her torments when she found herself unable to distinguish me on the doorstep from the man who had called for the rates. The busby might still be there, but it was baffled by the murky gloom. These, however, were but temporary alleviations. She always had something to report at dinner-time, even if she went out with a link-boy to pick it up.

A dozen times I thought of giving notice, only to think once more that I had better not. The house suited me; they knew my ways; and in the middle of the day, by an adroit use of the smoking-room, I might manage to get it pretty much to myself. Except at meal-times; but there was the rub. When the cracked gong croaked—there is no other word for it—my fatal entrance into the dining-room, I became the most dejected of mankind.

A happy thought came at last, with a promise of relief—ear-plugs! Herbert Spencer, I remembered, was once a paying-guest, or something of the sort, just as I was, and it is recorded of that great man that when he had had enough of the piffle of the dining-table he simply took out of his pockets a pair of ear-plugs, and stuffed them into his ears. It was the perfection of good breeding, because it was liberty for all. It left the talkers free to go on talking, their victim free to retire within himself.

I tried it next dinner time and it was simply perfection. I tried it all that week with the aid of a subterfuge, which enabled me to take my cue from the others, as they punctuated her prattle with signs of interest and assent. I did exactly as they did, and attained the inward peace. I saw her lips moving thirteen to the dozen with the affairs of the Crescent, while my thoughts were fixed on "Court Gossip under the Caliphs"—simply the most enthralling book I ever read in my life. Think of the difference. The Regular Customer, with her daily budget about the Sweetest Smile in the Crescent or the Smallest Foot, and my revel in the glorious table-talk of Omar or of Aaron the Just.

But, alas, I was soon in for it again; and it was all the fault of the ear-plugs. I mislaid one of them; the other was worse than useless without its stable companion; and I had to listen to her once more in spite of myself. Much had evidently passed during my blessed period of seclusion and repose. It was evident that the Sweetest Smile in the Crescent was no longer in the running for the notice of the Gibson Girl. The Regular Customer was now able to inform us, as I had surmised, that his smile was merely pastoral, since she had seen him lavishing it on an ancient apple woman with a prodigality that rendered it at once the sweetest and broadest of its kind. The Outside Broker had now succeeded to the vacant candidature, and the result was an arduous private inquiry into his chances, which was actually in course of announcement, on the evening on which I lost my plug.

It began in this way, as I was now doomed to hear. The Gibson Girl, or her parents, owned a parrot, and the parrot had escaped one morning, and had taken refuge in a tree, whence it resented all temptations of the cage on the balcony, and the mess of goodies

by the open door. The Outside Broker had taken an interest in the case, and had finally recovered the truant by an ingenious lure as yet not ready for disclosure in all its details, but probably not an offer of any of his scrip. The Gibson Girl was now naturally placed under strict observation, and the next day she was distinctly seen to acknowledge the salute of the Outside Broker, as he passed on his return from business. She was watering her flowers at the time. All this might not have mattered much, had not both parties happened to repeat the performance in every detail on the following evening.

The question now before the court was: (1) Might not the escape of the bird be regarded as a mere plant from first to last? and (2) In either case, ought not the Gibson Girl or her parents to be warned in time? For the result of collateral inquiries, pursued with unremitting attention by the wearer of the busby, was that the Outside Broker was not a bit better than he should be, and that he might conceivably develop into a Blackest Sheep in the Crescent on the receipt of a letter from a former paying guest, which was expected by the next post.

I take shame to write as I now have to do, but the truth is the truth. I soon lost my attitude of studied indifference; and, after a feeble attempt to supply the missing plug with a table napkin, I found myself listening as eagerly as the rest. The topic had caught on. I read no more in the "Court Gossip under the Caliphs" that day; and, before I retired for the night, I had actually undertaken to bear a hand in the investigation of the Outside Broker. In one word, the Regular Customer had me at last under her spell.

But, after all, why should I put it in that ungenerous way? The fact is, I now began to see that the life at our

very doors might be quite as interesting as the life of books, and that the gossip of to-day was but the history of to-morrow in bulky tomes. The Crescent was simply the world in microcosm, and to see it thoroughly, and take pains in seeing it, was all life at your very door. A solitude but a week ago, in so far as I was concerned, this insignificant private road now became a very ant-hill of humanity. In its varieties of character, circumstance, and personal relationships, loves, hates, friendships, and the rest, it was nothing less than human society all round.

With this came a remarkable change in my relations with the Regular Customer. I began to modify my opinions about her entire personality. Sympathetically considered, she might be a fine woman after all. Who was I to call what might be a magnificent head of hair by another name, or to suggest that its front of hyacinthine curls might have been bought as they stood, at the hairdresser's round the corner? Who was I, indeed, to give her the pseudonym of Paulina Pry, when Fanny Burney, at the very least, was the proper fit for her measure.

Having put down the last vestige of rebellion against her sway, that remarkable woman had now to keep us all in hand while awaiting the next act of the drama of the Gibson Girl. We were not to be allowed to cool.

Our next achievement was the discovery that the Blackest Sheep in the Crescent was not to be the end of the mystery. This, however, was the work of one of her disciples, who was able to announce that, although the girl was not to be seen on the balcony in the evening after the Sheep had passed on his way home, her real business was apparently with the owner of the Smallest Foot, who followed him at an interval of a quarter of an hour. This new leading character of our drama exchanged cordial, yet discreet, greet-

ings with the owner of the parrot; and on his disappearance she immediately withdrew. The news seemed to come as a surprise to the Regular Customer, who, at the hour at which this important discovery was accidentally made, was dressing for dinner with the window down. She showed some annoyance, and expressed a hope that the Foot was not going to make a fool of himself at his time of life.

While waiting for further developments in that quarter, we suffered from no lack of interest in the teeming life at our doors. Our table was still as lively as ever, for the chances of politics had thrown us into the midst of a bye-election. It then, quite naturally, became our business—as the wonderful woman who had us all in thrall explained—to find out how everybody was going to vote. My admiration of her grew with every movement, and I called her “Miss Austen” now. Each of us had his orders, and I was deputed by her to sound the gardener of the Crescent, as one in full possession of the confidences of the area steps. I had hardly so much as looked at the gardener before that, except, perhaps, to notice that he certainly possessed the largest foot in the Crescent, whoever might take the honors at the other end of the scale. As a novice in the art of private inquiry, I made a colossal mistake at the start, with the assumption that because he was a poor man and an ignorant one, he must naturally hold what are called advanced ideas. It was quite the other way. He assured me that he knew little and cared less for what other people thought, and that his one concern in politics was to put a stop to the reading of halfpenny papers by the youth of the time. Education for people who had their living to get, he said, went quite far enough when it enabled them to learn their catechism and perhaps make out a bill. And he

was good enough to add that rather than be a consenting party to its extension to the mastery of periodical literature, he would end his career in one of the Hampstead Ponds.

When the result of the election was known, it was found that the winning candidate had come in by the close shave of half a dozen votes. Such as it was, this ought to have been satisfactory to all his supporters, but, thanks to the gardener, I was able to inform the table at our next meal that it threatened to be the cause of a life-long quarrel between two occupants of the Crescent whose exertions had contributed to the result. One of them, who had canvassed for the winner down to the very last moment, maintained that a contingent of six infirm voters, whom he had dragged from their beds and driven in blankets to the poll, had really decided the victory. The other retorted that any other canvasser who had exerted himself with the like result, or, for that matter, any six voters taken at random might naturally say the same thing. High words followed, and a weekly whist party which had been one of the institutions of the Crescent suffered its first lapse for a series of years.

This incident, however, while it diverted the Regular Customer for a moment, left her more intensely absorbed than ever in the drama of the balcony. There had been a curious change, for her at least, in the pivot of interest. While at the outset that interest turned wholly on the Gibson Girl and her choice of an admirer, it now seemed to put the Smallest Foot in her place for the honors of the plot. The question was no longer whom was the Gibson Girl to marry, but who was to be the choice of the Smallest Foot?

It perturbed her greatly—I could see that. Her old philosophic interest in the affairs of the Crescent seemed to have been exchanged for the interest

of a partisan. I sought her confidence as delicately as I could, and I might have obtained it, but for an unfortunate circumstance that compelled me to undertake a long journey to complete the materials of a forthcoming work.

I was absent for some weeks, and I can truly say that though I stuck to my task, every moment of the time was a moment of the sense of longing for home. I had promised to write, and I did my best to supply her with the gossip of my distant place of exile; but her letters in reply were always perfunctory, and in a short time they wholly ceased. It was distracting. She had given me a new philosophy in elevating the once despised chronicle of small beer to its proper place in life. I saw that, hitherto, I had made a deplorable mistake in fixing my eyes on the mere past and future of the race to the neglect of the only true abiding interest in life—its affairs as they actually passed under my nose. That was all very well, no doubt, but of what use was such a science without one, whom I might also describe as its founder, to direct my studies. In a word, I now abruptly turned my steps once more towards the Crescent with the sense of a great resolve.

I hurried on, day and night, driven, I know not why, by the dismal foreboding that I should be too late for what was now the purpose of my life.

On entering the well-known thoroughfare I instinctively looked up for the accustomed busby. It was not there; moreover, the blinds of her room were drawn.

I had scarcely strength to lift the knocker, or to rebuke with a gasp of anxiety the heartless smile of the girl who opened the door.

"Your Regular Customer?"

"Married last week, sir, and off for the honeymoon."

"Married!—who?" I was positively



unable to achieve the accusative case.

"Please, sir, the one they used to call the Smallest Foot in the Crescent! She had been savin' him up for her-  
The Thrush.

self all the time. We all knew that, in the kitchen, but you seem to have missed it, upstairs."

*Richard Whiteing.*

## POLITICAL POETRY.

In this interesting book the author is continually inclined to talk more about politics than about poetry. That may be because he is more interested in politics; but there is also another reason. It would be difficult to make a book worth reading about English political verse if it were all literary criticism. For English political verse has always been sporadic and seldom of great merit. Since for many centuries England has excelled both in poetry and in politics, one would expect her to excel in political verse. Yet, though many of our great poets have written it now and again, they have seldom owed much of their fame to it. Indeed, Byron and Dryden alone of them all perhaps would suffer seriously in reputation if their political poems were lost; and they, for all their greatness, are among the most prosaic of our great poets. This fact may help us to understand why the others have not excelled in political verse. It is, in its nature, near to prose, and their genius has been too poetical for it.

Take, for instance, the signal example of Milton. He was about as much interested in politics as in poetry; indeed, he could not keep political ideas out of his poetry; and it owes much of its interest and reality to those ideas. Yet he was always too poetical for any kind of controversy. Poetic habits clung to him when he wished to reason; and he would dispute as if he had no need to prove his case, but wrote only to express his righteous indigna-

tion that any one could have the folly and wickedness to disagree with him. One might, perhaps, expect this indignation to be effective in political verse, if too imperious for prose controversy. But when Milton wrote poetry he could not, or would not, lower himself to the political plane. There is experience of politics in the great debate of the devils in the second book of "*Paradise Lost*." Their speeches are evidently studied from life, like the figures on the roof of the Sistine Chapel. But, like those figures, they are purged of all accident and particularity, so that they may not be incongruous with the epic theme. Whatever satire is implied in them is universal. No real person is attacked; and an attack upon real persons is the essence of political verse. But even when Milton in his poetry deals with real events or evils, he shows the same generalizing tendency. We can scarcely call the sonnet on "*The late Massacre in Piemont*" political verse. There is no topical sharpness in it, none of those allusions that please the malice of partisans; and it is probably as moving now as when it was written. The sonnet "*On the new Forces of Conscience under the Long Parliament*" is more topical. But here the topical allusions are rather lumbering—

Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword  
To force our consciences that Christ  
set free,

And ride us with a classic hierarchy,  
Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rutherford?

\* "*Political Satire in English Poetry*." By O. W. Preville-Orton. (Cambridge University Press. 3s. 6d. net.)



The style is not nimble and prosaic enough for the sense of this last line. But Milton's most famous and characteristic political verse is in "Lycidas." Politics were so much in his mind that he could not keep them out of a poem in which there seems to be no place for them. Yet, whatever incongruity of sense there may be in the political passage, there is none of execution. It is natural to Milton to attack his enemies in such lofty and general terms that the attack makes no discord in his pastoral music but only gives it a graver and deeper sound. He does not sacrifice the poetry, but he does sacrifice the politics. For political verse, if it is to draw blood, must have some of the particularity of prose in it, since it is concerned with particular and prosaic things and people. The grand style is not suited to it; for that leaves out just the facts that are most needed to identify the object of attack.

Milton's contemporary and friend, Marvell, understood this. When indignation set him writing political verse he was determined that it should be effective at all costs. Indeed, he sacrificed poetry to politics; and it has often been wondered that so exquisite an artist should have been content so often to write doggerel. Like Milton, he was a poet too poetical to put his highest powers into political verses. The nearest approach he makes to a fusion of politics and poetry is in his great Horatian Ode; and that is almost as lofty and general in style as anything of Milton's. In his later political satires he usually throws over poetry altogether, or rather, perhaps, it deserts him. It was anger, not inspiration, that set him writing political verses; and he was too sincere and practical to pretend to an inspiration he did not possess. No doubt, too, he was influenced by the common English notion that rough versification was proper to satire, a notion which is sup-

posed to have been produced by the roughness of Roman satire, but which could never have been so prevalent if satire had not been considered an inferior kind of poetry. We may be sure that if Marvell's genius had been naturally satirical he would have written his satires as well as he could. No doubt he regarded them as a kind of journalism, not as serious works of art; and he wrote them in verse only because he thought a jingle would stick in men's minds better than prose. No political poem of his is more effective than his Dialogue between two horses, and that is written like a rough and degenerate ballad. But no doubt men remembered and repeated some of its verses, as, for instance, those on the Duke of York —

With the Turk in his head, and the  
Pope in his heart,  
Father Patrick's disciples will make  
England smart.  
If e'er he be King, I know Britain's  
doom,  
We must all to a stake, or be converts  
to Rome.  
Ah, Tudor! ah, Tudor! we have had  
Stuarts enough;  
None ever reigned like old Bess in the  
ruff.

These two examples of Milton and Marvell are enough to show why it is difficult for English poets to write political verse, and why in our more poetical ages they have so seldom attempted it. Butler was a writer of the age of Milton and Marvell; but he was not a poet. He could throw the whole of his genius into satire. To him it was the serious business of his life. But even he is more talked of than read nowadays, because his wit lacks the nimbleness and lucidity of an age of prose. Mr. Previt -Orton says well of "Hudibras" that "all the excellence of its form and manner was old and belonged to an age that was passing away. Its learning is the scholasticism of the middle ages; its wit reminds

us of *Goliath*; its jogging metre of a twelfth-century romance." In fact, the chief defect of "*Hudibras*" is that it is a little childish, and keeps the manners of a time when political verse was not considered a serious form of art. Butler no doubt was writing his very best, but he has not the air of doing so. He still keeps to the old doggerel convention. That only disappeared from political verse as soon as all poetry became more prosaic. Then it was possible for Dryden to write at the height of his inspiration and yet with the particularity and neatness needed for topical satire. The more rational and less emotional kinds of literature had so risen in dignity that it was possible for a man of genius to exercise all his powers in them and with entire seriousness. If we compare Dryden's famous description of Shaftesbury with any character description of Butler's we are immediately struck by the rise in dignity. Butler has the manner still of a schoolboy making lampoons upon his master. Dryden is a serious man writing philosophically of another man. And he, when he wishes to make a prose statement, can make it simply and without any cumbrous ornaments of fancy. He can be as particular as he chooses without straining at wit all the while.

These are the advantages of a prosaic age; and we may regret that the second of our great prosaic poets, Pope, was not more interested in politics and less in his private blood-feuds. If the "*Dunciad*" had had a political theme, how much more worthy would that theme have been of the execution! But Pope was not much interested in politics, and, as Mr. Previt -Orton remarks, the prosaic poetry tended more and more to generalization, losing the qualities which justified its existence. Yet we can see from Pope's "*Imitation of Horace's Epistle to Augustus*" what he might have done. No one ever at-

tacked a ruler with more refined malice; but even in this case the malice was caused probably more by the King's indifference to poetry than by his political sins—

But verse, alas! your Majesty disdains;  
And I'm not used to panegyric strains:  
The zeal of fools offends at any time,  
But most of all the zeal of fools in rhyme.

Besides, a fate attends on all I write,  
That when I aim at praise they say I bite.

There is far less political passion in this than in the verses of Gray upon the first Lord Holland. Gray was more of a recluse even than Pope; but on this one occasion he succeeded in producing one of the loftiest and yet most pointed political poems in the language. Much political verse was written in the long period of unrest that began with the revolt of the American Colonies and ended with the Reform Bill, but not much of it is read now for its own sake. Churchill and the authors of the "*Rolliad*" are not disinterested enough for the impartiality of posterity. Churchill seems to abuse because that is the line of least resistance for him. Verses make his indignation rather than indignation his verses. The "*Rolliad*" is journalism and full of the gossip of journalism. "*Peter Pindar*" is still amusing because he does not pretend to be anything else. There is no righteous indignation about him. He makes fun of George III. as undergraduates make fun of dons. The whole point of the joke is that it is directed against a person in authority.

There is far more principle in the *Anti-Jacobin* and something Aristophanic in "*The Needy Knife-Grinder*," with its combination of parody, high spirits, and idea; but after all, only one political poem of that great age of political strife is a masterpiece of English literature, and that is "*The Vision of*

Judgment." If Milton's Satan had chosen to write political verse he might have written that. It is all rebellion against the gods and bitter contempt of their parasites, but it is ennobled by the sense, implied rather than expressed, that there is something in the universe worth rebelling for, something which the author would find if he could, and if it were not obscured from him by the vapors of his own mind, though not by its fears. There is the same spirit in "The Vision of Judgment" that afterwards made Byron fight for Greece. It is loftier, however reckless, than anything Dryden ever wrote, because the author of it was a man of action whose very words seem to be deeds. "The Age of Bronze," again, though it is much less read, deserves the praise which is here given to it. It is too long and it rambles; it contains outworn rhetoric suggested by the heroic couplet which was then an outworn metre; but the theme is one worthy of fierce indignation and often worthily treated. What could be better than these lines on the Holy Alliance?—

An earthly trinity! which wears the shape  
Of heaven's, as man is mimicked by the ape.  
A pious unity! in purpose one—  
To melt three fools to a Napoleon.  
Why, Egypt's gods were rational to these;  
Their dogs and oxen knew their own degrees,  
And, quiet in their kennel or their shed,  
Cared little, so that they were duly fed;  
But these, more hungry, must have something more—  
The power to bark and bite, to toss and gore.

Or this description of the Tsar Alexander I?—

A Calmuck beauty with a Cossack wit,  
And generous spirit, when 'tis not frost-bit;

*The Times.*

Now half dissolving to a liberal thaw,  
But hardened back when'er the morning's raw.

Here the attack is upon both an individual and a type; and it remains interesting because it hits the type in the individual.

Shelley was as great a master of rhetoric as Byron, but he, like Milton, was too poetic to be a good political satirist. Byron never wrote two political lines as imaginative as these of Shelley's upon Napoleon:—

Whose grasp had left the giant world so weak,  
That every pigmy kicked it as it lay.

But most of Shelley's political verse seems to be the work of a man whose eye is not on the object. In "The Mask of Anarchy" he is like a philosopher on the platform, speaking from a sense of duty, not because he enjoys it. He is eloquent and lofty, but he does not keep our attention. So it is with most of our modern poets when they write political verses. One feels that they are patriotic volunteers rather clumsy with their weapons, doing their duty but with no joy. One does not like to say—

Not here, O Apollo,  
Are haunts fit for thee,

for the right and wrong of politics is a most momentous matter, and one feels that the highest poetic imagination ought to be able to see angels and devils at war in it. But the poet seldom has enough experience to see the issues clearly, or, if he is passionate, to weight his passion with knowledge. We have specialized too much to be able, like the Hebrews, to combine the prophet with the poet and the politician. Or perhaps political questions do not press so hard upon us that they must be the chief subject in all our minds. At any rate, they are not one of the chief subjects of our poetry.

## AS IN THE BEGINNING.

In the very far beginning, when our fathers lived in caves,  
And the glacier rolled and shuddered where to-day you roll  
the lawn,

Then the forests and the rivers, and the mountains and the  
waves

Were the haunts of troll and kelpie, gnome, pishogue and  
leprechaun;

Long ago—oh, long ago,

Little feet went to and fro

In the hushed and solemn moonrise, or the silence of the  
dawn,

Weren't they just the prowling otter or the fox-cub or the  
fawn?

If the panting hunters plodded on the hairy mammoth's trail,  
Till the flint-tipped lances laid him in the twilight stiff and  
stark,

If the yelling tribesmen lingered at the stranding of the  
whale

Till the sledges were benighted in the demon-haunted dark,  
Each untutored scalp would rise

At mysterious woodland cries,

And they'd glance across their shoulders, with a shudder and  
a "Hark!"

Though 'twas probably the screech-owl or some startled roe-  
buck's bark!

If the neolithic lover in a neolithic June

Met at nightfall, 'neath the hawthorn bough, a neolithic  
maid,

Then, despite the ministrations of a full and friendly moon,  
As it caught the clumps of blossom in a net of light and  
shade,

They would hear with knocking knees,

Come a kind of grunting wheeze,

For they'd think some spook had spied them, and their cheeks  
would match their jade,

But they never saw the badger rooting truffles in the glade!

Go you out along the chalk downs, and you'll see our fathers  
yet

(Cairn upon the thymy hill-top, tumulus of tribal kings!)

Yes, and in the sun-warmed quarry find perhaps an amulet,

Such as kept them from the kobold, or the beat of goblin  
wings;

Then your sympathy shall stray  
To our sires of feeblér clay,  
With their little local godlings and their foolish fairy rings,  
Though you know—for science says so—that there never were  
such things!

For yourself—you've sometimes hurried when the mayfly  
cease to rise,

With your rod inside its cover and your cast around your  
hat,

When the beetles boom like bullets, and the bats are hawking  
flies,

And the night is in the meadows, and the mists are on the  
flat,

Past some darkling belt of pine,

While you've felt all up your spine

Run a sort of icy shiver, and your heart's gone pit-a-pat—  
*Yet 'twas only just the night-jar, just the plopping water-rat!*

Punch.

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## THE CONFUSION OF AMERICAN POLITICS.

After a year in the White House President Taft might well sympathize with Danton's despairing plea of pity for those who meddle in the government of men. Wherever he turns, he sees nothing but dissension and revolt, a dissatisfied nation and a distracted party. Twelve months ago he entered on his office amid some at least of the omens of a successful reign. He was popular both with the people and the party leaders; he had just received the largest majority ever accorded to a Presidential candidate; after the bolsterous days of the Rooseveltian epoch it looked as though an era of good feeling, and of steady, unspectacular achievement were about to set in. Every one of these anticipations has been falsified. The Republicans are more torn by strife to-day than at any moment since the Civil War; the President, if he has maintained his personal popularity intact, has somehow got out of touch with the country, and has forfeited its confidence not in his inten-

tions but in his methods; there is no clear sign of leadership anywhere; the Statute-book has received but one addition—and that one the Payne Tariff Act, a measure almost universally execrated; and the prospect of a Democratic victory at the Congressional elections next November is far more imminent than the prospect that Mr. Taft will pass an item of his programme into law. Many forces and factors have combined to produce what is hardly less than a deadlock. Mr. Taft suffers by comparison with the dramatic personality and showy tactics of his predecessor. He is unable to cow the Conservative leaders of his party, as Mr. Roosevelt cowed them, by vivid, irresistible appeals to popular sentiment; and the methods of persuasion which he prefers were proved by the history of the Payne Tariff Act to be wholly inadequate to overcome the resistance of the Reactionaries. He suffers still more from the infection into American politics of

issues that correspond with none of the normal lines of party division, and that attract men or repel them with little regard for affiliations and catch-words that are fast becoming meaningless.

These new and disruptive issues have been brought into being by the struggle of the American people to free themselves from the grip of plutocracy and privilege. "How are we to curb the money-power, to bring the great industrial corporations under the control of the Government, to master the railways before they master us, to rescue politics from the domination of organized wealth, to preserve the natural resources of the country from reckless exploitation by the speculator, to make the common welfare and not the convenience or the cupidity of special interests the motive-power of legislation?" Those are the questions that Americans are asking themselves; and it is Mr. Roosevelt's one contribution to the moral and social progress of his country that he should have raised them. If he did nothing else, he tried to educate his fellow-citizens to see that the public interest is something beyond the sum total of private interests. The policies he formulated set up the nation and its welfare as the supreme object of public endeavor; but when he tried to translate them into Acts of Congress he was met, first, by the intricacies and limitations of the Constitution, and the weakness of the American form of government for positive action; and, secondly, by the fact that his proposals fitted in with none of the usual party formulæ. The same difficulties face Mr. Taft. There are Conservative Republicans and Radical Republicans, Conservative Democrats and Radical Democrats. The Conservatives in each party oppose, and the Radicals in each party

*The Nation.*

favor, the "Roosevelt policies" which Mr. Taft tries laboriously but ineffectively to forward. But as it is the Conservatives who are in control of the Republican Party both in the Senate and in the House of Representatives, and as Mr. Taft lacks the qualities that might drive them into submission, and intends, indeed, to act with them and not against them, his progress so far has been trifling.

The situation here sketched almost explains by itself the activities of the "Insurgents" in the Senate and the overthrow of "Cannonism" in the House. The "Insurgents" are a group of enthusiastic Senators, mainly from the Middle West, who are whole-hearted subscribers to the Roosevelt policies, who believe that Mr. Taft is sacrificing them without quite realizing it, and who were revolted by the shameless barter of the common welfare to special interests revealed by the Payne Tariff Act. They are wholly skeptical of any good results from Mr. Taft's policy of seeking to coax the Conservatives into accepting measures they abhor. The President, therefore, finds himself politically allied with the men whose general attitude towards politics he most dislikes, and politically alienated from the men who, like himself, chiefly desire to write the Roosevelt policies on the Statute Book. He supports the Conservatives with whom he disagrees because they are the official and recognized leaders of the party, and to quarrel with them is to destroy his last chance of getting anything done. He reprimands the Radicals for their lack of party loyalty, although he and they have the same goal. The country, meanwhile, fails to understand the situation or to grasp what Mr. Taft is driving at, and the Party revolves in a whirlpool of uncertainty and recrimination.



## THE NEW "HISTORY."

If you go to the University of Oxford and make suitable inquiries you will find that a considerable proportion of the undergraduates are devoting themselves or are supposed to be devoting themselves to the study of history, with a whole staff of professors, "readers," lecturers, and tutors to direct their researches. The Honor School of Modern History is now the largest in the University, and it attracts a good many of the young men who formerly would have been occupied with "Greats." At Cambridge there is a History Tripos which has a certain popularity; and in both seats of learning there are numerous scholarships and some fellowships, to be obtained by proficiency in this subject. The University of London evinces a similar regard for historical pursuits; allowing its pupils to obtain honors in the B.A. examination in history alone, so that there are many young people at King's College and University College and the London School of Economics who immerse themselves for some two or three years in the works of such authors as Bishop Stubbs, Professor Maitland, and Dr. Freeman. Whether this narrow range of specialized studies constitutes a good general training may be doubted. Can a man be said to have received a "liberal education" who knows all about the Capitularies of Charlemagne and the Laws of Edward the Confessor and nothing whatever of Virgil or Wordsworth, of Goethe or Molière? It may seem strange that English boys should be encouraged to spend their school years over the text of Tacitus and Thucydides, but stranger still that English youths and maidens at the formative period of their lives should be buried deep in the crabbed Latin of the mediæval charters, and the for-

gotten politics of the Holy Roman Empire.

This by the way. One might at least imagine that with all this profuse activity in the teaching of history we should see the results in the shape of many valuable contributions to historical literature. Nothing of the kind happens. English historical literature was never at a lower level than it is at the present moment. We have a few industrious scholars at the Universities—Professor Firth and Professor Oman at Oxford, Mr. H. L. Fisher at Cambridge, Professor Tout at Manchester, Professor Pollard and Sir John Laughton in London—but no really great historian, no one to wear the mantle of Macaulay or Frowde, or even of Seeley, Stubbs, Gardiner or John Richard Green. These men all wrote something that endured beyond their own lives, something that while they lived penetrated beyond the circle of specialists or schoolmasters. So much cannot be said for our present writers of meritorious monographs and useful textbooks. We approach rather closer to the older tradition in the works of Sir George Trevelyan and Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan, Mr. Herbert Paul and the late Sir Spencer Walpole, none of them college dons or wholly absorbed in educational or academic work. Mr. Trevelyan's *Garibaldi* volumes have shown that there are still Englishmen who can write history as Frenchmen like M. Lenôtre are writing it, at once with learning and with style. But they are few, and there is no great market for their wares. The public, we are told, is not interested in "serious" history.

And yet of history of another kind there is a copious output. No week passes during the publishing season

which does not provide the libraries with a new volume claiming to be historical or biographical. "What the public wants" is gossip. It gets the gossip of the present day in "society" paragraphs and volumes of "remembrances" by people who can remember the small talk and the scandals of the last few years. When it is sated with this diet it seeks refreshment in the lubricities and tinsel romances of the past. If a man were to sit down and investigate with diligence, let us say, the foreign policy of Queen Elizabeth he would be lucky to find readers enough to repay him the cost of collecting his materials; but if he can make a piquant narrative of the Virgin Queen's complex amorosities he has his *clientèle* ready made. One or two real students with a light touch showed how the thing could be done; and their imitators have been legion. We are flooded with the love-affairs of soldiers and statesmen, and the chronicle of Royal intrigues. The lives of the mistresses of kings and conquerors are told for us and retold until the least detail of the edifying stories must be familiar to all the patrons of the *Times*' Book Club and Messrs. Boof and Mudie; we know all about the famous, or moderately famous courtesans, from the Pompadour to Lola Montez. Happy that general or admiral who quarrelled with his wife or ran off with the wife of somebody else. Then he is sure of fame with this discriminating generation. We have left off reading the works of Thomas Carlyle; but half-a-dozen volumes have been published during the past few years on the rights and wrongs of Carlyle's singularly trivial domestic squabbles. Not many of us could give a coherent account of any one of Nelson's naval campaigns; but we know all about the hero's relations with Emma Hamilton, and the details of that lady's adventurous career. Nelson was not our only

admiral. *Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona*. Duncan was a great sailor, too, and Camperdown was almost as glorious a victory as Trafalgar; but Duncan is forgotten. He was a dry old Scot, and no radiantly improper person illumined his respectable existence. It is the same with the poets. Byron's verse is out of favor; you will not often find an educated person who can quote three consecutive stanzas of "Childe Harold." But there is still a demand for books which rake up again those lurid stories of Byron's private life whereof one might suppose the world had heard enough, be they true or false, some forty years ago.

Obscurity no more than fame protects the dead whose career had its "romantic" side. There is diligent search among family records lest perchance some forgotten duchess or ambassadress or maid-of-honor should have left behind a bundle of her own or another's love-letters. If so, the faded documents, probably dull, possibly scandalous, are duly set forth with suitable biographical annotations. The work is easy reading and has the great advantage of being easy writing. No prolonged historical training or comprehensive knowledge is necessary. The ingenious author "crams" the subject a little at the British Museum or the Record Office, puts in a few dates and allusions obtained from some standard history of the period, and seasons with local color and lively personal touches to taste. If he has some literary faculty, so much the better; if Nature has denied that gift it does not greatly matter. The readers of the circulating libraries are not out for literature. They want something light, something entertaining, something "frankly personal," something which will dispose of an evening pleasantly when one is unable to go to the skating rink or a comic opera. So the New Historian flourishes, and appears in

presentable tomes at half-a-guinea or sixteen shillings net, and if he has any sense of humor he must chuckle as he contemplates the efforts of his "se-

The Outlook.

rious" academically trained rivals of whom the judicious British public so seldom hears.

## THE WISDOM OF NONSENSE.

Well-timed nonsense is the divinest sense. In the current number of the *Cornhill Magazine* Canon Selwyn publishes some of the later letters of Edward Lear, and suggests that as the realm of sense is infinite, and as the realm of nonsense might also be pronounced by metaphysicians to be infinite, there would in that case be two infinities, which would be absurd. We gladly accept the inference. Nonsense can occupy the same realm as sense, with which it is co-extensive, without disturbing or displacing it, just as—to borrow a simile from one of the patristic writings—heat can be contained within iron without displacing any part of it or changing its substance. Or, again, may it not be said that nonsense is the necessary counterpart of sense as humor is of pathos, neither being able to exist without the other? Canon Selwyn calls Lear "the only genius of nonsense." On first reading the words we were tempted to challenge them. What about Lewis Carroll? But on consideration we see what Canon Selwyn means. The mind and heart of Lear swam in the pure æther of nonsense. "Nonsense for nonsense' sake" was his principle. Lewis Carroll was not quite unconcerned by motives and applications; he was attached to the shore of plain moral teaching by a long but trustworthy string. Lear never thought of applying his nonsense; he had no literary foibles in his mind to satirize, no political situation, no social conventions, no moral cult to serve. Yet he could not have written such deliciously

good nonsense if he had not possessed a judgment of superb sanity,—which is another way of saying that sense and nonsense, rightly defined and employed, belong to the same infinity. Lear's nonsense, because it was not intended to be applied to anything in particular, is capable of universal application.

Further, Lear's nonsense because it ranged free was necessarily irresponsible. Universality and irresponsibility are its twin qualities. He loved nonsense so much that he hardly ever wrote a letter in his life to a friend without misspelling a good many words if they looked pleasantly foolish in their irregular form, or without introducing delightfully imposing sham words that were near enough to real ones to suggest some fine shade of meaning—phantasms fitting about, heavily visible yet always elusive—or without using real words with audaciously sham meanings. In one of the letters to Canon Selwyn he spoke of the "penurious, primæval, poppsidixious paper" on which he was writing. This trait was quite different from that of Lewis Carroll, whose congregated inconsequences in "Alice in Wonderland" and "Alice through the Looking-Glass" are the result of such a mathematical accuracy of thought as enabled him to appreciate the exact value of inconsequence. Lear's "Book of Nonsense," to take only the book by which he is best known, illustrates perfectly his qualities of universality and irresponsibility. Since he popularized the nonsense rhyme it has been

perfected in form; much more ingenuity and technical art has been bestowed upon it; and yet we feel that more has been lost than has been gained. The first bloom has been brushed off the fruit. We all know the simple form:—

There was an Old Person of Bangor,  
Whose face was distorted with anger!  
He tore off his boots,  
And subsisted on roots,  
That borascible Person of Bangor.

The last line offers a comment on the first line, and is almost a repetition of it. But rarely did Lear make his last line provide a new or culminating idea, as in:—

There was an Old Lady whose folly  
Induced her to sit in a holly;  
Whereon, by a thorn  
Her dress being torn,  
She quickly became melancholy.

That is the form which became the model for imitators. So we have such highly sophisticated rhymes as—

There was a young lady of Rio  
Who tried to play Handel's Grand Trio;  
But her skill was so scanty,  
She played it *andante*,  
Instead of *Allegro con brio*—

where the skill lies in the neat and euphonious contrasting of technical terms. Modern, again, is:—

There was a strong man on a syndicate  
Who tried his position to vindicate;  
He wished to deny  
That his words could imply  
The sense that they might seem to indicate.

The same highly wrought touch appears in:—

There was an old lady of Delhi  
Who refused to read Crockett's *Cleg Kelly*.  
When they said "It's the fashion,"  
She replied in a passion  
"I know, and so's Marie Corelli."

And in:—

There was a young maid named  
Amanda

Whose novels were terribly *fin de siècle*; but I ween

'Twas her *journal intime*  
That drove her papa to Uganda.

And in:—

There was a young man of Sid-Sussex  
Who considered that  $w + x$   
Was the same as  $xw$ .

But they said "Sir, we'll trouble you  
To confine that idea to Sid-Sussex."

There is wit in all these; but the wit is perhaps rather a bitter sweetening. The nonsense rhyme has, in fact, gone through stages similar to those displayed in the case of those transferences of the initial syllables in grouped words which, with an equal dose of bad taste and inaccuracy, have been connected with the name of a distinguished don. We doubt whether the dignitary of the University in question ever made one of these blunders in his life,—probably he was not even responsible for "Kinkering kongs their titles take." But the simple transference of that sort has developed into something tremendously elaborate. We have "Please hush my brat because it's been roaring with pain all day" for "Please brush my hat because it's been pouring with rain all day"; or we have the story of the supposed founder of this verbal dynasty searching long and vainly for an inn called the "Dull Man" at Greenwich when he should have gone to the "Green Man" at Dulwich.

The present writer, knowing tolerably well the best that has been said and thought lately in the way of nonsense, has just returned with intense pleasure to Lear's "Book of Nonsense," which has been reprinted with the original drawings (how inimitable is their posterous vivacity of line!) by Messrs. Routledge (1s.) The last occasion he can remember when he enjoyed a pleasure comparable with this re-reading of Lear was when another classic of his youth fell into his hands after a period of neglect,—"*Struwelpeter*."

We said that Lear's rhymes, having no particular application, are capable of many applications. They are like the Delphic oracle; being full of general wisdom, they can always be proved to be right:—

There was an Old Person of Gretna,  
Who rushed down the crater of Etna;

When they said "Is it hot?"

He replied "No, it's not!"

That mendacious Old Person of Gretna.

Who does not know the audacious politician who goes down Etna and tells you that he is positively shivering from cold? And there are people who believe his word, as though Empedocles need not have been consumed after all! Then we have the perfect type of the agnostic:—

There was an Old Man of th' Abruzzi,  
So blind that he couldn't his foot see;

When they said "That's your toe!"

He replied "Is it so?"

That doubtful Old Man of th' Abruzzi.

Then we have an example of the fate which notoriously waits on good advice, good advice being given only in order that it may be ignored:—

There was an Old Person of Hurst,  
Who drank when he was not athirst;

When they said "You'll grow fatter!"

He answered "What matter?"

That globular Person of Hurst.

If that is advice combative, the following is an example of the equally familiar phenomenon of advice sententious:—

There was an Old Man with a beard,  
Who sat on a horse when he reared;

But they said "Never mind!"

You will fall off behind,

You propitious Old Man with a beard!"

The Spectator.

What a picture of unfounded idealism in this!—

There was an Old Man in a boat,  
Who said "I'm afloat! I'm afloat!"

When they said "No you ain't!"

He was ready to faint,

That unhappy Old Man in a boat.

Here is a picture of the person who deliberately puts his head into a noose, and afterwards calls heaven to witness that he is the victim of some misfortune which could not possibly have been foreseen:—

There was an Old Man of Jamaica,  
Who suddenly married a Quaker;

But she cried out "O lack!

I have married a black!"

Which distressed that Old Man of Jamaica.

Finally, here is an example of knock-me-down inconsequence in the categorical negative:—

There was an Old Man who said  
"Hush!"

I perceive a young bird in this bush!"

When they said "Is it small?"

He replied "Not at all!

It is four times as big as the bush!"

Most of us must have had such an experience. Some polite and conventional question explodes, as it were, a contradiction that veritably "shakes the arsenal and fulmines over Greece." That perhaps demonstrates (by the rule of exception) as well as any rhyme in the book the difference between Lear and Lewis Carroll. If Lewis Carroll had been Lear, he would have written more rhymes like that; and if Lear had been Lewis Carroll, he would have written more like "Twas brillig and the slithy toves."



## IN AN AUCTION-ROOM.

For a modest form of sensation, which may be enjoyed with regularity and respectability, which, except in flagrant cases, is not likely to lead to the courts, though it may be frowned upon by wives, we would recommend the auction-room. You must ride a hobby of sorts, whether postage stamps or pictures, Greek coins or British lepidoptera, porcelain or ivories; you must take one line and obtain a sufficient knowledge of it to give edge to your desires. Then you must not be rich, at least not so rich relatively to the objects of your pursuit as to make you reckless of the extent to which you indulge your fancy for any particular lot. In order to get up the real tension you must go to a sale knowing that your outlay needs to be strictly limited, aware that you can buy but little of what you are sure to want and that only a turn of luck will obtain perhaps the most passionately desired thing of all. The wealthy man who needs not count the cost of his collection knows none of the excitements of the auction-room; he may have the pleasure of finding what he has long been looking for or of securing a bargain; we may also allow him the enjoyment of his purchases when they come home; but he has no part in that two minutes' fever while the auctioneer's hammer is still poised and Fate has not yet knocked.

With what rage do you find yourself up against such a man of wealth—in all that catalogued abundance why should he want your one ewe lamb? You bid on past the price you had set down as proper, up to and beyond your uttermost limit, and still he nods on indifferently. The hammer falls, and you feel some satisfaction at having made him pay, but more indignation that he has exceeded the decent market

price for which you were prepared; he has humiliated you by rendering your presumably superior taste and knowledge of no avail. Had the contest been with a man of your own calibre you would not have minded; you would have respected his courage because you know that to him it has been what Mr. Thomas Traddles called "a tooth out"; moreover, he has become the weaker for another struggle.

To enjoy the auction game properly it is almost essential that your hobby shall be one that is not too much in the hands of the dealers. The great picture buyers have many sound reasons for putting their purchases into commission; it is safer so, and when the bids are soaring among the thousands it is well to keep all possibility of personal feeling out of the encounter, but as a result the historic picture fights leave us cold. The room is big, the mere lookers-on are so numerous that the bidders often remain undiscoverable, only the calls of the auctioneer tell you how the tide is rising; doubtless the members of the inner ring find it human enough, but the outsider can only admire the pictures and gape at the prices. How much more "intime" is a book-collectors' gathering or a sale of prints; men nod to their friends across the narrow tables and take counsel with the dealers (there must be dealers, or who would maintain the prices of your own collection when it comes to the hammer?), all is friendly gossip until the auctioneer takes his seat. Then you unfold your catalogue and renew the feeling with which you used to take up a fateful examination paper. The neighbor who thus confided his emotions to us had indeed so triumphed over examination papers that such posthumous generosity towards them is easily understood. But the examina-

tion now is only in self-control and good temper.

The mood in which you approach a sale depends in the first place on whether you are a collector or not; of course in a sense every regular buyer is a collector, but some men are specially so, because they view their subject systematically and as it were on a finite plan, which requires a type specimen to represent each section or school. Postage stamps, coins, books, natural history specimens, admit of little other treatment, so that the collector's consideration of a given sale is much simplified, for he can confine his attention to filling up as many of the gaps in his set as his pocket will allow, knowing also in advance within pretty close limits what the prices ought to be. But with objects of art a good many other factors come into play: mere rarity is still an element in determining value, but the artist now impresses himself, because many men buy the name and not the thing. Above all, beauty forms the new and incalculable element, for its appeal is so individual and personal. Condition and preservation tell, of course, in all cases. One kind of buyer is indeed indifferent to condition and heeds little the imperfection of the medium if only the beauty be patent; the pot may be cracked, the ivory may lack a limb or the print a margin, the drawing may lurk beneath a coat of dirt: he will forgive all for a hint of the divine. Another type of buyer cares only for what is cheap: he does not trouble about the big things except perhaps to make the running while the eventual contestants are hanging back for the others to begin; his desires lie in the direction of quantity. Of opposite temperament is the man who will only buy perfect pieces, in which meet all the desiderata of rarity, beauty, and condition; this man knows exactly what he wants and will pass piece after piece that is not quite

up to his standard, firm in his faith that "There's plenty jasper somewhere in the world." His catalogue contains few or no marks, he lets many beautiful and desirable things go by; his

the calm eye that seeks  
'Mid all this buddling silver little worth  
The one thin piece that comes, pure  
gold; he waits.

Whether this man succeeds or remains empty-handed with his virtue, he at least avoids that chill of disillusionment which comes when you have got your purchases home and the last wrapper falls off the thing you only bought because you rather liked it.

Some men buy on system; they appraise every item beforehand and fix rigorous limits to their bids; others merely mark off what they like and trust to the inspiration of the moment to decide whether they shall venture or how far they will go. Of course the first plan is the proper—nay, the only—one for the perfectly regulated man, but that dull person rarely keeps such a weakness as a hobby. Also there are sales containing no particular item which makes you feel you must possess it whatever comes or goes; to such sales you may go as a free lance, ready for anything desirable that turns up cheaply.

In their style of bidding also men show great differences; some like to bid only the necessary once, they wait until the contest is exhausted and the last man is expecting the hammer to fall on what he thinks is the winning bid. This plan may or may not provoke a bitter fight, for if some men are unbreathed and decline the new challenge others resent the intrusion and spend freely rather than give in. Moreover, if you disclose yourself early others may draw back out of friendliness, or knowing that you are a determined fellow when you begin. Some men like to keep on capping the last bid with a

minimum rise; an occasional move is to spring the price suddenly from a low stage to something near the proper figure. This declares the plane on which you mean to fight and is often effective in frightening off dabblers who might have been drawn on to greater heights had the bidding mounted by degrees. But, after all, there is little scope in the auction-room for the poker player; it is the initial decision what to go for and how far to go which determines the success of your afternoon's pastime. If you have the true flair you

The Saturday Review.

may make it really profitable, if you have only common sense you will get your measure of sensations for nothing and in the end recover your capital, though you will have had to take out the interest in the current enjoyment of your collection. You might well have bought a few hours' entertainment much more wastefully; but as no joy is complete without its pain, you will often obtain that complementary sensation when later you come to contemplate your bank book.

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### ALEXANDER AGASSIZ.

Although the great American oceanographer had reached the age of seventy-five, few of his friends were prepared to hear of his death, which appears to have taken place, somewhat suddenly, on board the s.s. *Adriatic* on March 28, while on a voyage back to the United States.

The distinguished son of a famous father, Alexander Agassiz was born in Switzerland but naturalized in America; yet, so cosmopolitan was he in his tastes and habits, that if ever an individual deserved the title of "a citizen of the world" he was the man. Up to the age of thirteen, he was educated in his native land, but, proceeding to the United States in 1848, he went to the Harvard University, where—as a student in chemistry and engineering—he obtained his degree of B.Sc. at the age of twenty-two. After spending a short time as a member of the United States Geological Survey, young Agassiz became a mining expert, and so successful was he in this profession that, acquiring possession of valuable properties in the Lake Superior region, he rapidly made a very large fortune in connection with the copper mines.

The love of natural-history studies,

however, which he inherited from his father, soon made itself felt; at first he assisted his father as curator of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard. As his wealth increased, he was able to benefit that institution, not only by specimens collected during his extensive travels and by defraying the cost of many expensive publications, but also by gifts of money up to 100,000*l*. After the death of his father he acted as curator of the museum for eleven years. Beginning with the study of marine ichthyology, he subsequently came to be acknowledged as a great authority on the Echinodermata, so that, on the return of the *Challenger* expedition, he was asked to undertake the report on the Echini collected during the voyage.

But the work for which Alexander Agassiz will be chiefly remembered was that which, during nearly forty years, he carried on at his own expense in connection with oceanography. The United States Government, with the greatest liberality and consideration for the interests of science, allowed him from time to time the use of their surveying vessels, the captains of which were instructed to place themselves

virtually under the orders of Agassiz himself. The naturalist, aided by a staff selected and paid by himself, carried on soundings and dredgings in every part of the globe, special attention being devoted to the study of coral reefs. Beginning, in 1877, with the study of the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean Sea, and the Atlantic coast of America, Agassiz continued his work in 1880 by investigating the surface fauna of the Gulf Stream. Besides working out the details derived from the study of collections made during these voyages, the results of which were published in connection with the Harvard Museum of Comparative Zoology, Agassiz wrote a well-illustrated account of his work, "The Three Voyages of the *Blake*," in two volumes.

In 1891 Agassiz transferred his attention to the western shores of the United States and Central America, investigating the seas around the Sandwich Islands, and paying special attention to the coral reefs there, between 1892 and 1894. His explorations were extended during 1895-6 to the Great Barrier Reef of Australia, and in 1897-8 to the Fiji Islands. In 1899 and 1900 he was able to undertake a cruise among the various groups of coral-islands lying between San Francisco and Japan. In 1901-2 Agassiz commenced his study of the Indian Ocean, paying especial attention to the Maldivé Islands and their surroundings; and, in order to complete the examination of portions of the Pacific that he had not already visited, he devoted the years 1904-5 to a cruise among the important island-groups of the eastern half of the Pacific Ocean.

The intervals between his several voyages were occupied by Agassiz in the study of his enormous collections and the preparation of memoirs dealing with the results obtained. These were issued, regardless of expense as to their illustration, in the publications of the Boston Society's Museum of Compara-

tive Zoology. No fewer than thirty volumes of memoirs and fifty-three volumes of bulletins are devoted to the results obtained from the study of these collections by Agassiz and the various specialists who assisted him. His own favorite place of work was Paris, where rooms were always allotted to him in the Museum of Natural History, and he had the fullest access to scientific libraries.

Of the value and importance of the results of these voyages it is impossible to speak too highly. Perhaps the most striking of the conclusions arrived at by him are those relating to great movements which have taken place in the bed of the Pacific in comparatively recent geological times. This is evidenced by the numerous upraised coral-reefs which, following Dana, he described; in many of these the limestone rock, now at elevations of 1000 feet and upwards, has been more or less completely converted into dolomite.

It is not necessary, in face of the above statement of facts, to add that Agassiz was a man of indomitable energy. He thought as little of crossing the Atlantic as we do of crossing the Thames, and death met him at last while still "on the move." Of his courage, a remarkable example is told concerning an altercation he had with a military officer in a crowded restaurant in Germany; on that occasion he did not hesitate to resent an insult by a blow, though fortunately any serious result from the rash act was prevented by the interposition of a number of judicious friends of the officer, aided by American and English visitors who were present. In early life, Alexander Agassiz exhibited something of the dogmatic habit of mind that distinguished his illustrious father; but, mellowed by age and constant intercourse with other men, he became in after life strikingly open-minded and ready to listen to arguments, even those that

told against his most cherished convictions. Those who were privileged to enjoy his friendship in his later life knew him as a man of ardent enthusiasm, restless energy, and charming bonhomie, but also as one patient in discussion, and always ready to listen to facts and reasonings from whatever quarter they came. His generosity was unbounded, and he was always ready to place his abundant materials at the service of young men who were qualified and willing to engage in their study.

In every scientific circle of Europe, as well as in those of America, Alexander Nature.

Agassiz was well known, and in all of them his loss will be deeply mourned. In France he received the *Légion d'Honneur*, and in Germany the Order of Merit. In this country he was for many years a Foreign Member of the Royal Society. Only last year the Royal Geographical Society awarded him the Victoria research medal, and we may fitly conclude this notice with the verdict of the president in announcing the award—a verdict in the justice of which all must agree—"He has done more for oceanographical research than any other single individual."

*John W. Judd.*

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### CHRIST'S WORDS CONCERNING HIMSELF.

Many men and women to-day who do not claim to belong to what is called the religious world strive ardently to realize to themselves the character of Christ, to bring to life in their own minds the personality which has extorted the supreme homage, and in great measure modified the actual nature, of the white race. Thousands of men and women in the past have found the realities of life explicable, and the reality of death endurable, simply because they have been able to realize the personality of our Lord, and have found in that realization an all-sufficient religion. The task is less easy than it used to be. Perhaps it would not be untrue to say that in no age has it been attempted by so many or accomplished by so few. There are some still who count themselves to have attained in this respect, but they cannot impart the inspired secret. The Gospels remain open before us all, but the white light which has played upon them for a generation has not served to outline the figure of Christ. He still speaks from the sacred pages as never man spake, and

surely it is not untrue to say that the world never listened so intently; but when Evangelical preachers describe to their hearers a "personal relation" with Christ, the number of those who turn away in sad incomprehension becomes daily more and more.

Can we gain any clear conception from the study of those sentences of our Lord which apply directly to Himself? What did He say directly of Himself to the world? The sentences are very hard to reconcile with each other, and it would be idle to expect a complete picture when we consider the words, "If I bear witness of myself, my witness is not true." The end for which He was born was not, He distinctly declared, to bear witness to Himself, but "to the truth." He admitted unhesitatingly the soundness of the homely wisdom which leads men to suspect the sincerity of the man who vaunts his power and his personality. He did not wish that wonders should be regarded as proof of inspiration. "If any man willet to do his will, he shall know of the teaching, whether it be of God, or whether I speak from



myself," He said. Again, He seems to care little through what source the revelation reaches any one. The truth may come to a man through a Disciple, through a child even. "He that heareth you heareth me; and he that despiseth you despiseth me; and he that despiseth me despiseth him that sent me."

But when we have considered all this we are still tempted to ask with Pilate, "What is truth?" for it is certain that Christ made no attempt to proclaim all truth, even in the very limited degree in which man has since found it out. He never alludes to what we call science, or in any scientific spirit to history or the arts. He seems to allude to that truth which should make men free, which should save them from bitterness, desperation, and reckless sin, from being utterly confounded by the pain and distress, and apparent meaninglessness, of a large portion of life. At the very beginning of His mission the Evangelist describes an impressive scene in the synagogue wherein the young, and as yet unknown, teacher expressed in the words of Isaiah the object of His life. "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me," He declared, "because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captive, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." That portion of the truth which will do this is the portion that men want, and there are times when we have all felt that no other form of truth is of any more value than the veriest opinion. We shall, we know, be contradicted by many theologians; but to the ordinary man who is not interested in theology the plain inference from all our Lord's references to Himself is that His great object was the relief of human misery, mental, moral, and physical; to comfort

the sad, the poverty-stricken, the oppressed, and the sick; and to enlighten those whom intellectual darkness stupefies, brutalizes, or maddens. No one will deny that this is the noblest of conceivable ambitions.

To turn to another group of sayings. What did our Lord say of a more intimate nature concerning Himself? The most puzzling, yet perhaps the most attractive, sentence of all is in the form of a deprecatory question: "Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is, God." Now it cannot be denied that one of the perfections of character is humility. It is not in human nature to acknowledge perfection where perfection is proclaimed. Our Lord, however, gave no countenance to that rather despicable scrupulosity which has led many religious men to contemplate with lugubrious enjoyment the profound and equal wickedness of the human heart. While all good men would always, He knew, acknowledge themselves unprofitable servants, there were, He took it for granted, scores of good people who could receive no benefit from the preaching of repentance, and to alter them was not, He said, the object of His mission. Again, He puts aside with some impatience that acknowledgement of His greatness which the Church all through the ages has been tempted to confuse with faith. Willingness to say "Lord, Lord," did not, He said with an almost satiric trenchancy, proclaim a man's citizenship to be in heaven. He put the will to act well before the will to worship.

But there are sayings of our Lord which appear at first sight to be in absolute contradiction of those that we have quoted. "I am," He said, "the way," "the life," "the light of the world," "the door" through which men approach God; "No man cometh unto the Father, but by me." Either we must set wholly aside the first set of

sayings, or we must regard these as metaphorical. He must have meant: "In my message are all these things, and only those who can accept this theory of life can conceive of God as a Father." Plainly this is the truth. Can reason alone conceive of God in that light? The love of God is an inspiration. Will reason alone pronounce a blessing on the mourners, the meek, the peacemakers, the pure in heart? Can reason deliver us from the maddening thought of chance, the lust of revenge, and the terror of death? Yet from the moment that man leaves a savage state behind him he is conscious of voices in his heart which overpower his reason, and he suspects that these voices are divine. Christ confirmed his hope. He proclaims Himself the rest-giver. He tells men to rely upon an intuition. Does not what He says awake some answer in their hearts? "Ye believe in God, believe also in me," He exhorts. His words must have set His hearers thinking of His teaching as a whole. Can they not believe what the Prophets have already suspected,—that man stands in direct relation to the Giver of his spirit; that he is not here by accident; that might is not right; that body and soul do not die together; that revenge is the justice of beasts, and sympathy the prerogative of man, the sign of his relation to God? All these things Christ taught with certainty, never swerving from His attitude of knowledge. By this assurance alone

*The Spectator.*

could He support men's souls, lighten the burden of trouble, ease the yoke of endless thought. We see Him in the Gospel strong and certain, yet full of compassion. But how elusive is the picture.

There are words of our Lord about Himself which transcend the spiritual comprehension of to-day,—those in which he spoke of His unity with God and His return whence He came. Masters of theology in the past have interpreted them to the world. Now as we read their metaphysical explanations, we seem to be reading a dead language. Will these words ever be satisfactorily explained again? Probably. Meanwhile may not ordinary men content themselves in the belief that our Lord was not always teaching, but sometimes speaking out of a full heart a truth above the comprehension of the simple and the poor, who in a spiritual sense we are in these days of change and materialism?

There are surely some good signs to-day, signs of a living Christianity, difficult as we find it to realize Christ. The Disciples were Christians after the Crucifixion and before the Resurrection, though to their eyes the world grew dark. They could not recognize the Light of the World upon His reappearance, but they were spellbound by His words, and looked back at a happier period to this time of spiritual despondency without self-reproach. "Did not our heart burn within us?" they said, while as yet they had not recognized the speaker.

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

After nine years, the agreeable group of nine stories in which Miss Eliza Orne White embodies the story of "John Forsyth's Aunts" reappears in a new edition, and will be sincerely welcomed by all capable of enjoying its pungent geniality. The "aunts" are

three sisters so widely differing in temperament that their closely associated life in one house has quite enough adventure and variety to satisfy the demands of ordinary humanity. John Forsyth himself and the acquaintances of the sisters are vivaciously described

and the little book should hold its own with those first published this year. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Mr. Lawrence Perry's "Dan Merrieth" belongs to the wholesome, clean variety of fiction glorifying the various classes of brave fellows whose business it is to save life and property upon the high seas, and although brief, it is one of the best of its species, not prolonging the struggles of man with nature until they become painful, and not piling seas mountains high that man may climb them as a cat ascends a roof. Real water and real fire assail the hero, and he earns his victories, including his conquest of the heroine, and she is worth conquering. Brisk, and awakening, a viol in the orchestra of fiction, is a fair description of the story. A. C. McClurg & Co.

By all tradition the author whose first novel succeeds is sure to fall with his second, if it belong to the same species of fiction, but this is a year in which rules are severely tested by many exceptions, and Mr. Roman Doubleday's "The Red House on Rowan Street" is one of the exceptions. Like "The Mystery of Hemlock Avenue," the new story has a mysterious murder, but it has so many other mysteries and the murder comes so late in the story that it counts for little. Almost every personage in the tale is more or less mysterious, all are the puppets of the weakest, and those who seem most likely to be criminals finally stand forth as blameless lambs. The hero is a good amateur detective, the heroine sufficiently spirited to excuse his devotion, and a bit of by play introducing a lady who has cast herself for the part of heroine is pleasantly humorous. Little, Brown & Co.

The third volume of Ludwig Friedlander's "Roman Life and Manners under the Early Empire," translated by J.

H. Freese (E. P. Dutton & Co.), brings this important work to a conclusion with a survey of Belles-Lettres, Religion, Philosophy and Belief in the Immortality of the Soul. These themes are treated with the same fulness of detail and the same skill in the sifting and collation of facts which characterize the first two volumes; and they manifest also the same discernment and power of generalization. Altogether, this work is as fascinating as it is broad and scholarly, and it is not surprising to learn that in Germany it has passed through numerous editions. Although the work is now, in a sense, complete, and the index in this volume covers all three, it is announced that a supplementary volume may be looked for this year which will contain the notes and excursions omitted from the seventh (popular) German edition, from which this translation has been made.

It is now nearly thirty years since Dr. Andrew M. Fairbairn, then and until recently Principal of Mansfield College, published a volume of "Studies in the Life of Christ" which won immediate attention by the breadth of its scholarship and the fervor and beauty of its style. The intervening years have been filled with useful labor in the same and similar fields; and now we have the latest fruits of them in a volume of "Studies in Religion and Theology," marked by the same characteristics as the earlier work and grouping under one title and in a certain order of subject and treatment, discussions, addresses and expositions produced at different times and for different occasions, but closely connected and forming a well-knit whole. Studies of the church in the first and in the nineteenth century; of ecclesiastical polity and the religion of Christ; of the origin and history of sects; of Jesus as the founder of the Christian church, and His teachings

in the different periods of His life; and of the teachings of Paul and of John make up the sub-divisions of the volume. Earnest, reverent, eloquent, these papers constitute a welcome and important addition to the literature of contemporary religious thought and discussion. The Macmillan Company.

The parsons known to Mr. Trollope and those seen in Cardinal Newman's "Loss and Gain" recur to the memory as one reads Mr. Vincent Brown's "The Screen," but Mr. Brown has his own way of treating his minor personages, and of his chief characters, the Bishop and the Vicar, it is hardly possible to say too much in praise. The former is seen through the eyes of a man knowing himself to be the bishop's illegitimate son, but the author's portrayal, strong and clear though it is, contains nothing that can offend. The elephantine physical complacency of the Bishop unites with his very real repentance in producing an effect almost tragic, the living death of a body too gross to allow its informing soul to dominate it. The Vicar, on the other hand, a Christian of exquisite charity and gentleness, is altogether charming, and the chorus, clergymen of diversified dignity, play their parts delightfully, all unconscious of the Bishop's troubles, although they are watching him with anxious attention. The Bishop's wife and his son's wife, with the mischief which they work in perfect ignorance of ecclesiastical law and ordinary logic, are as absurd in their way as Newman's neat little caricatures, and taken as a whole the book is an exceedingly pretty piece of high comedy. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The double task of impersonating a narrator and simultaneously shaping a narrative seems easier to many a novelist than it actually is, and they who succeed in preserving anything like

consistency or even probability in the character of the narrator are few. In Miss Kate Langley Bosher's "Mary Cary," story and story-teller become unreal after a very brief struggle. Mary Cary is an inmate of the York-burg Female Orphan Asylum, and the cause of the exceeding liveliness of the institution, in which things happen in sequence more rapid than should be expected in a select boarding school for young ladies, or a private lunatic asylum. Further the things which occur have a curious likeness to those to be expected in institutions inhabited by persons older and wiser in the ways of the world than the common female orphan. The dialect of Happy Hawkins, such genius for devising plays as might be expected from a constant attendant at the minor theatres, and the tender sentiment of a professional child lover are unexpected attributes of a minor Female Orphan, and the addition of an angelic amateur to the teaching staff of the asylum seems improbable. Least probable of all, the secrecy preserved by a large number of persons in regard to Mary's parentage, which is finally shown to be of the best, and most happily adapted to bring about the happiness of the angelic amateur. The reader proceeds from beginning to end of the tale in an incessant encounter with matter for objection, but, after all, thanks to a certain constant flow of humor, the book interests. If the author had been content to tell the story simply it would have been much better; but it is clean and funny and such stories are at present seldom attempted. Harper & Brothers.

If President Tucker had chosen to make the second title of his "Personal Power" "Counsels to American Citizens" instead of "Counsels to College Men," he might have widened its circle of readers and thus have rendered serv-

ice to his country; for although the class for which it is written will undoubtedly profit most by reading it, there is no intelligent reader of either sex to whom it will not be valuable. One group of four addresses delivered at the opening of the college years 1905-1908, discusses the training of the gentleman, the scholar, the citizen, and the altruist, in such a manner that the high school graduate who reads them before he enters college will have such a preparation for his new life as few teachers, and no parent not a teacher could give him. Twelve of the papers are sermons preached at the vespers in Rollins Chapel, Dartmouth, occasions giving the speaker an opportunity to supply what he calls the moral supports of instruction and in all of them the appeal to the consciousness of personal power is implied. Among these, the discourse on "Professional Values" with its text from the answer given by the voice to St. Peter's refusal of the food miraculously proffered has interest for the greatest number of readers, and it is worth noting that the writer does not condescend to the demagogue's pretence that all professions are equal in value. On the other hand, in the discourse entitled "Distribution of Personal Power" he shows that every man who adequately attends to his own business serves the public and the State, and thus the two discourses complement one another. There is certainly no reason why this work should not be in college libraries, but it should be the personal possession of the college man, and it is to be hoped that the preparatory schools will not forget it in preparing their prizes for the classes of 1910. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Grant Showerman, author of the papers collected in the volume entitled "With the Professor," is professor of Latin literature in the University of

Wisconsin; and his book will make many a graduate of an Eastern college wonder if he would not have been luckier if he had learned the tongue of Horace from one whose acquaintance with the tongue of Browning and Lowell produces such a paper as "The Professor Travels in the Realms of Gold." Here is a charming allegory of education, a glorified account of a life progress from Sanders' Primer to the heights whence are visible faery lands glowing with fine thought and gracious expression. Professor Showerman is one of that select company, hardly large enough to found a synagogue, which believes in a child's right to be educated rather than in his liberty to snatch and devour learning after the fashion of his arboreal ancestors. In the twelve papers in this volume he plays with the miscreants who say "pessimist" when they mean "despondent person." Next he makes merry with those who prefer fumbling in the sawdust of language study to roaming the groves of Academe; next he exalts literature; then he considers the income which he does not receive, the alternative being hardly worth the consideration of any one but a professor; in the next he expounds the ways of teachers and blends his last two subjects in another paper. In the next two he makes a goodly scrap heap of the brittle, shiny, worthless stupidities preached on the child since the day when Mr. Alcott flogged himself because his pupils needed a flogging. Lastly he has somewhat to say on social usages, and misuses; and then he once more seeks his books for counsel and then an end. There is no imitation of Dr. Holmes' scheme of writing in these essays in which the author does indeed speak of "The Professor" instead of saying "I"; but the likeness lies in the keen penetration of humbug; the scorn of twaddle; the ingenuity in devising logical remedies, and the deep affection shown



for pure literature. Teachers, parents, and schoolboards, graduates feeling the lack of systematized instruction, and ingenuous beings who accept whatever pedagogic nonsense may be current will be stimulated and benefited by this work, but those who will most highly prize it are those who will flatter fancy with the thought that there comes from its pages the echo of a voice that is still. Henry Holt & Co.

Once the sturdy tree and the clinging vine was the proper figure under which literature might describe man and woman: to-day American fiction inclines to class the man as a creature generally unable to stand alone, and in Mr. Winston Churchill's "A Modern Chronicle," the characteristic leads to an anti-climax none the less amusing because of its absolute truth to existing conditions. The story begins with the babyhood of the heroine, the daughter of an American foreign consul, only a few grades above the moral rank of an adventurer, and traces her career until it leaves her in the possession of her third husband who apparently intends to check a fourth suitor, should he appear, although his own weak seeking of an alliance with her seems hardly consistent with his lofty reproof of all departures from the most fastidious financial and political integrity. It is Honora's second husband in whom Mr. Churchill exhibits the man capable of deliberately permitting a woman to sacrifice herself for him as the poor creature which he almost invariably is. The heroine finds herself unable to endure life with her husband after he becomes the well-paid catspaw of a money-king, but diminishes the dignity of her behavior by immediately obtaining a divorce in order to marry a man who has "taught her what love is," only to find him too feeble to exist without the social approval of certain parochial and village dignitaries, and of their alms-giving

and philanthropic wives, and willing to compel her to associate with various persons of acknowledged immorality rather than to live in solitude. This instructive piece of exposition distinguishes the story from the general multitude of tales in which the personages belong to the same moral grade; otherwise it is a minute record of the growth of a character hereditarily deficient in moral stamina, loving luxury and power, and dreading hardship and lack of deference. This full-length portrait, in spite of physical graces of every description, in spite of the author's artistic abstention from comment, in spite even of its attraction of the third husband, the man assertive of lofty ideals, is much more repellant than if it were superficially unattractive, and it needs more than the third husband's skill as an advocate, to make the reader accept his statement that her experience has "ennobled" her. His argument that it is wrong for her to throw away her opportunity to make a good use of her remaining years of life by marrying him would be valid if one could accept his statement that she can make him happy. But who can? Honora is an admirable study; the feeble gentleman is even better, but husband number three is incredible. He begins too well to end ridiculously. He ends too foolishly to have abstained from folly in youth. Setting aside the attractiveness of the story as a story it must be said that it accurately reflects certain American types, among others the woman of fashionable ambition who superciliously patronizes the religious and philanthropic woman and especially patronizes her clothes, and her furniture, and this and its correct rating of husband Number Two set the story apart from other novels of divorce. Authors who place their snobs and scoundrels where they belong are less common than could be wished, but Mr. Churchill is one of them. The Macmillan Company.

